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UNIV. OF MICHIGAN,

JUN 18 1912

Collier's

THE NEW WEEKLY



*Pierrot ~
His Valentine*

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February 8 1908 Vol XL No 20



This is
the brush
that
made you
cuss
because
it
shed
its
bristles.



This is
the brush
that
slathered
your nose
when
you
wanted
to lather
your chin.

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TRADE MARK

Shaving Brush



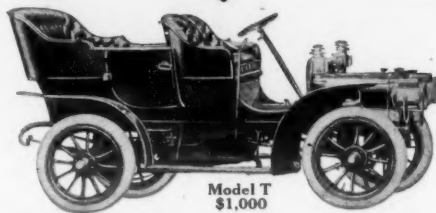
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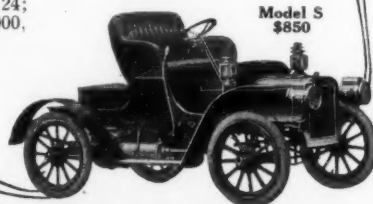
The single-cylinder Models T and S are described in Catalog T 24.

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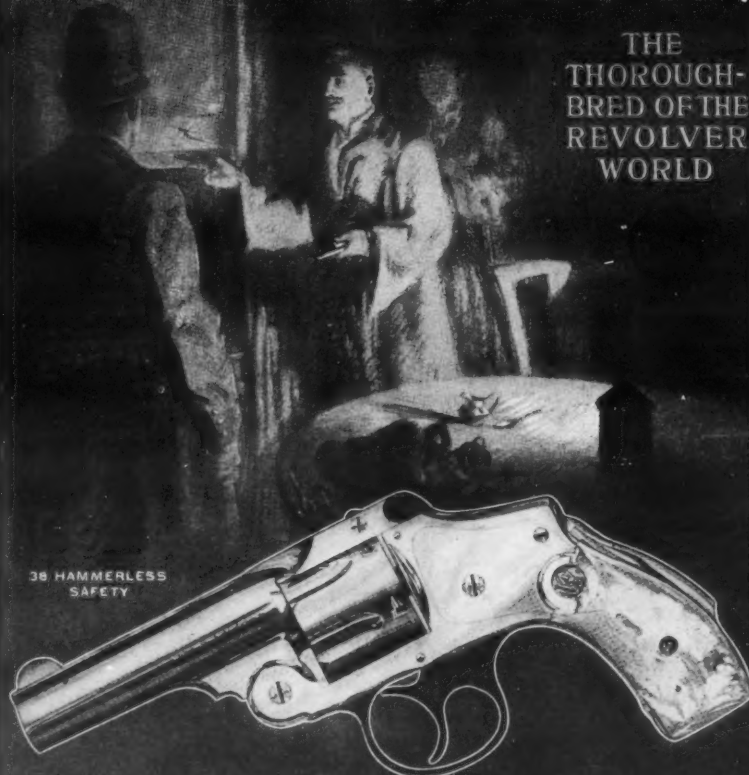
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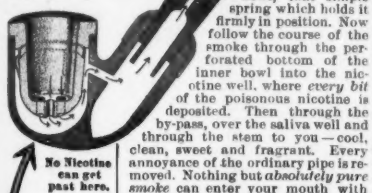
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Collier's

New York

Saturday, February 8, 1908



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The Visitor

Drawn by ALBERT STERNER

Collier's

The National Weekly

P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers
Peter Fenelon Collier—Robert J. Collier, 416-424 West Thirtieth Street
NEW YORK

February 8, 1908

Rather Solemn, This

HERE IS A QUESTION which plunges recklessly into the abyss down to those considerations which some of us avoid; down amid the world's sufferings and the poor man's penalties for being poor; down, perhaps, to the roots of mercy and the springs of right. If real estate in all our cities were taxed truly according to its value, and if the property of the wealthy were assessed honestly even under our present rich-man's law, how great a burden would be removed from those who have too little for the needs of life? A study of this topic by each voter would do no harm either to his own humanity or to the stability and worth of this country in the centuries to come. It is one of those subjects, like the advantage of the rich man before the criminal law, which press and press and press from underneath, and which can never be avoided by the sympathetic heart.

"Laborin' man an' laborin' woman
Hev one glory an' one shame;
Ev'y thin' thet's done inhuman
Injers all on 'em the same."

True

FROM COLORADO comes this appeal for the continuance of our President in the public service:

"I have just been reading the 'Keep Awake' editorial in the January 11 edition. I have thought for many months that we need THEODORE ROOSEVELT in the Senate more than in any other place just now.

"The one thing that has stood in the way of more thoroughgoing reforms has been the Senate, and it has stood for years. It can not well be mended from the outside. It needs men of high ideals and courageous determination within.

"While theoretically representing New York, such a man would really advance the interests of all. I feel that as a Senator he would directly advance my interests though I live two thousand miles from New York.

"How can I help persuade him that we all over the Union need him? My writing him to that effect won't do much. Can't you ask all people who want him to write to him and say so? That will raise such a flood of letters as to convince him that the voice of the people is the call of duty."

The President can have no doubt of the enthusiasm with which the people would welcome his presence in the Senate. For him to take his seat there would not only lead to great usefulness through his own activity. It would set an example for the future, helping to give permanence, and long, determined, and consistent effort to our public life. If he were to become Mayor of New York City, or enter elsewhere in public life, the same high principle of political devotion and continued service would be enforced.

Moderation

AN INDIANA REPUBLICAN EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION, writing of CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS, is delivered thus:

"In him we see embodied the perception of LINCOLN, the dignity of GRANT, the wisdom of HARRISON, the gentleness of MCKINLEY, and the fearlessness of ROOSEVELT—a combination of attributes that rounds out a man superbly equipped for the duties and responsibilities of the Chief Executive of the United States."

Also the sagacity of WASHINGTON, eloquence of WEBSTER, sweetness of CLAY, fervor of PATRICK HENRY, precision of CALHOUN, brilliancy of HAMILTON, color of JEFFERSON, and universality of FRANKLIN. Taste makes the Indiana editors reserved beyond all need. Mr. FAIRBANKS and his friends have been explaining these humble virtues, especially to the South, hoping the seed may sprout in June. In one of the papers devoted to his worth we observe that "it is his height, and the necessity for dignity of demeanor and of gait, which have given him a reputation for coldness," and that paper, perhaps with our own humble contributions to history in its mind, adds naively that Mr. FAIRBANKS, "whatever the true story of his past political aspirations, is just now a charming, polished, accomplished, etc." We do not wish to injure CHARLEY beyond need, or cause him grief, but the past is relentless, and a man with his record in finance and politics will never be nominated, even if the stand-pat business interests

should succeed, by the aid of depression and divided opposing ranks, in securing the nomination of one of their supporters. Knowing that FAIRBANKS would be beaten, almost beyond recognition, by a Democrat like JOHNSON of Minnesota, they would far rather take a chance with Uncle JOE or perhaps a horse being still kept dark.

Fierce Words

IT IS OUR NEIGHBOR, the "World," which speaks, and speaks rather, the style implies, in anger than in sorrow:

"If any magistrate has connived at such extortion he should be kicked from the bench; if any lawyer, he should be disbarred—and if such persons could take in jail the places of their victims it would be well."

Now although these words are something harsh, much sad truth is concealed in their ferocity. Who is the judge? Not, expectant reader, Mr. Justice DEVEL. The Appellate Division has not yet passed upon his case, and all that has been proved against his fitness for the bench is his intimate and affectionate connection with a publication subsisting upon the most cruel scandal, the grossest indecency, and the most unblushing blackmail.

Humanity and Prisons

A PAROLE BILL and a Good Time bill are now before the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives. In some form or other such laws should be enacted. The immense changes in the mode of punishing the convicted are a commonplace of modern history. Opinion drifts rapidly toward the indeterminate sentences, and a parole law also lends itself to justice if properly drawn and fairly carried out. Prison is not a good place for men to live in, and we are becoming more anxious for all men to have what is for their happiness and their welfare. Punishment should be inexorable but never barbarous.

Perfectly Clear

APPARENTLY ONE of the most serious obstacles to national parole and indeterminate sentence laws is the reactionary attitude of the Attorney-General of the United States. Last year after an indeterminate sentence law had passed the House, Mr. BONAPARTE prevented its passage in the Senate. We are quite unable to appreciate the reasons for such a stand. Statistics show that a large percentage of paroled prisoners are never recommitted. Sixty-three per cent of paroled men spend less than two years in prison, and eighty-six per cent less than three years. The parole system is at work in one prison, while in the jail next door United States prisoners can be released by pardon only. The economic argument is also strong and clear. In four years two Indiana prisons had on parole 1,340 men who earned \$272,600 and saved \$48,000. Supervision of men on parole has not proved difficult; experts on parole boards can do more even-handed justice than a Governor or a President; these unpaid boards may well develop, some day, into permanent courts of inquiry.

A Very Short Paragraph

THE WOLVES are after Governor FOLK. He has been a remarkable governor. He has pleased the people, but neither the politicians nor the papers. The fight is on between STONE and FOLK—it is square-toed between progressive and Bourbon democracy. Take care, people of Missouri. If your interests are to be regarded, you must look after them yourselves.

The Shop-Girl Again

A READER in "a small Kansas prairie town, where it is a nine days' wonder and the subject for sewing-circle and drug-store discussion when a girl breaks away from the conventional," protests against the printing of such articles as Mrs. KNIPE's report of the experiences of shop-girls. Not against their truth does he protest, but "what is gained?" he asks.

"People can not be prevented from herding together in big cities. If they do that, is it not the inexorable law of the world that the vast majority of them shall slave for the comparatively few? . . . It is the

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exceptional business house that prospers. Should the wages of clerks be increased sufficiently to make them satisfied, could any business house live? Does not the very fact that life in the cities is what it is, that wages are small, that women clerks do suffer, that there are thousands of scarlet women, that these conditions have arisen as civilization has advanced, that, in spite of all, the world has prospered and grown better, prove that it is the best that can be expected?"

It is rather easy, we imagine, to quote the Sea Wolf's dictum, "Human life is cheap, the cheapest thing in the world to-day." Probably the writer had a glimpse of the truth when he said that there is no life that can not be pictured as bad and full of pain if one sets out to do it. True; and yet we recall with satisfaction some grim stories about the rookeries of New York by men like JACOB RUS—stories that preceded the clearing out of Mulberry Bend. Mr. OSKISON's account in this issue of the Edison plan for housing in the suburbs the lowest-paid workmen could only have been written after Mr. EDISON had been stirred to action by a cumulative mass of details of overcrowding in the cities. Of course we want to announce cures; but shall we, therefore, always avoid diagnosing an ailment?

Information for Laymen

PHYSICIANS AND NURSES, as adjuncts to the teaching organization, are recommended by New York's Superintendent of Public Schools. These would serve a more distant but more important purpose, in addition to the immediate end of caring for minor ills, if they should teach as much medical knowledge as stops short of what is dangerous for laymen. And the section of knowledge recognized as safe is rapidly enlarging. Certainly it includes all of personal hygiene, and personal hygiene is a constantly increasing fraction of the whole that doctors practise. Quacks and patent-medicine swindlers, in voluminous and frequent books and pamphlets, labor diligently to spread information which is distorted, false, and morbid, and always, to make their efforts commercially profitable, they give it that twist which will convince the reader that he is ill. Why should not physicians, by school lectures and otherwise, make public practically all knowledge except that of dangerous drugs, and whatever is liable to tempt to dangerous self-diagnosis and self-medication?

Illustrating the Above

HALF THE BLINDNESS might have been prevented, according to Dr. H. C. PARKER of the Indiana University School of Medicine, if a few drops of a one per cent solution of silver nitrate had been dropped into the eyes of those now suffering from it, soon after birth. A large part of blindness is the result of *ophthalmia neonatorum*—the severe inflammatory condition seen in some infants' eyes a few days after birth. This disease is generally due to a specific bacterium which has been recognized as the immediate cause of one of the most prevalent venereal diseases. This disease may be acquired innocently, and transmitted from mother to child. It does not become apparent in the child's eyes until after a lapse of from one to twelve days and shows at first generally in but one eye. In a recent paper on this subject Dr. PARKER advocated the instillation of a one per cent solution of silver into the eyes of every infant at birth regardless of social standing. The method, he asserted, could do no harm, and it might do an infinite amount of good. Massachusetts has enacted a law requiring the physician to use this method of prophylaxis in all cases and has appropriated \$25,000 to the Massachusetts Charitable Eye and Ear Infirmary in Boston to maintain a ward, built through the liberality of Mr. GEORGE A. GARDNER, for the treatment of this specific form of disease.

Sunday Recreation

THE International Federation of Sunday Rest Associations has protested against the sports with which the sailors at League Island beguile the hours of the First Day, and if Secretary METCALF refuses to interfere the protest will be carried to the President. The committee making the protest includes the Rev. T. T. MUTCHER, chairman; the Rev. L. Y. GRAHAM of the Pennsylvania State Sabbath School Association; the Rev. DWIGHT HANNA of the Presbyterian Ministerial Association, and E. FRANK CORSON, counsel. The sincerity of these gentlemen is not to be questioned, but it may well be considered whether we should compel a company of men, who are under strict discipline and subject to monotonous labor six days of the week, to sit in inactivity on the one day on which they could indulge in recreation. It would seem as if it were too late in the day for any one class of men to dictate to another about recreation, rest, and holiday employments when these diversions are innocent. By this time it should be reasonably well established that Puritanical prejudices are not mandates. There is a philosophy of play which happily has been growing in this country. It has created the summer vacation, the weekly half-holiday, the country club, the athletics of college, school, and village; and it has destroyed

the drab Puritan Sunday. That offensive license is too common in some cities no one will deny, but the coerced inactivity, the compulsory Sabbatical decorum, can never again be revived and used to keep toilers from their recreation or make sins out of excursions and field games.

Female Extravagance

WRITES A GENTLEMAN from Columbus, Ohio, full of conviction and much feeling, on the subject of a story in our issue of January 18, and these, among other things, he says:

"I wonder if you or Mr. JACKSON really know what a tremendous problem he has touched in his story of 'Mr. Chadwick,' or have any idea of the prevalence of the type. [We have our ideas.—Ed. COLLIER'S.]

"It seems to me that one-fourth of the business men I know are driven as by fiends, racing along to keep ahead of the all but infernal demands of amiable American women. Their extravagance is national in scope; it is squandering life, and will end in wreck.

"The fact of the matter is that our entire American notion of the status of woman needs revising. We are doing her a wrong by permitting her to cultivate selfishness to the point of brutality.

"She sets the scale of living in this country. And she sets it one notch at least above her husband's purse.

"This is a standard topic for joke-makers, but it is joked about too much. To thousands of men it is a dire reality. I am not a misogynist. I am not voicing a personal grief. Not I! The chief points of light in the gray days that spread before me are memories of ten bright years, with a true comrade, a—well, I will not stop to search out words fine enough for her—the more I saw of some women, the more I thanked God for her! No, it is the troubles of my friends I am voicing, and there are thousands in bondage to American petticoat finance."

Now what do the ladies reply to this long tale of woe? Is it sound and fury only, or will the indictment hold against the sex?

Caution

ONE OF THE SENATORS from Illinois, and various members of the House from that State, were asked by the "Prairie Farmer" how they stood on the Parcels Post and the Postal Savings Bank, both measures dear to some elements of the community, but disagreeable to others. The replies were characteristic. From Senator A. J. HOPKINS:

"If he can overcome the objection of the country merchant and the farmer by showing that the parcels post will be in their interest, there will be a show, of course, of passing the bill.

"As to the savings bank, I think there is a general sentiment in the country in favor of such a bill, but, as I have said, as respects the parcels post, the success of the savings bank bill will depend upon the framing of the bill.

"There are many practical difficulties in the way of making a successful bill. Conditions are so different in this country from those in foreign countries where the postal savings bank has been a success that they will serve as poor precedents."

Congressman WILLIAM B. MCKINLEY, representing the Nineteenth Illinois District, boldly declared:

"What little study I have given them convinces me that these problems present so many phases and are so far-reaching in their consequences that they are subjects for expert investigation on the part of both the Congress and the Post-Office Department."

Congressman JAMES R. MANN, representing the Second Illinois District, spoke out:

"Replying to your favor, I beg to say that I do not care to express at this time any personal opinion for publication on the subject of the parcels post and postal savings bank, except to say that the problem about the postal savings bank is, what will the Government do with the money? and the problem about the parcels post is, will the country merchant be able to exist after it is established? And is it desirable to do away with him?"

These are but sentences from the contributions, submitted as samples, since we lack space to reprint the whole. In these three will be found much ability to say nothing in a wealth of detail which will at once puzzle and please the unsophisticated farmer. Some day, when weightier matters do not press upon us, we shall offer a prize to him who can devise a question upon any important topic of the day to which a group of typical statesmen, speaking publicly, will answer "Yes" or "No."

City Government

NEW ORLEANS, run by a gang which is in turn run by the saloon interests, the traders in prostitution, and the dispensers of cocaine to negroes, tried a new Inspector of Police two years ago. He was the best chief, so all New Orleans said, that had held the office for many years. Last winter two of his detectives, who had formed with him a triumvirate in control of police affairs, went with a merry party from the race-track to a house of disrepute. There, being in a gamesome mood, some jester in the party drugged the beer, making the whole party deathly sick. The attempt of the two detectives to squirm out of this mess involved charges of subornation of perjury, still pending in the courts. This winter the Inspector showed a disposition to earn his salary by attending the races every day. An editor—not especially vir-

tuous, it happens, but right in this instance—set a photographer on his trail that the people might see how he was serving them. Resenting this and some of the editorial matter which went with it, Inspector WHITAKER took a half-dozen of his detectives and called on the editor. While the detectives, with drawn guns, "saw fair play," Inspector WHITAKER shot up the newspaper office. Yet he is, literally, the best chief that gambler-ridden, saloon-ridden New Orleans has boasted for many years!

Entente Cordiale

THE OLD FAMILIAR ALLIANCE between the cheap ward politician and the saloon-keeper has two aspects. If politics has suffered from the saloon alliance, the individual saloon-keeper who wants to run a half-way decent business suffers from politics. From the informal tax on him, his patrons, and his allies come the sinews of war for ring and gang campaigns, the money by which small politicians thrive until they get big enough to tap the corporations. The police power—always the first objective for the ward heeler—is a club over him night and day. Any morning he may be a party to such a conversation as this: "Kelly, you had a disturbance in your place last night. The boys are thinking that your license will be revoked." "So help me, it was a noisy drunk that raised a row while I was putting him out." "No difference. He made a noise. You ain't done much lately. Fifty dollars—" "What should I do? Leave him in?" "Fifty dollars." Down he comes with "the dust." Election time is near. He is summoned into conference. "Kelly, you look out for fifty votes." "But I can't deliver fifty votes." "Well, repeat 'em!'" "But—" "We've got your license where we want it." That is the final argument. Having the police power, with its right to give or revoke licenses, they can put him out of business at any time and in any manner they desire. If he is not useful enough to them, the business goes over to a man more complaisant. To ask who began this unholy alliance is like asking whether the first egg came from the owl or the first owl from the egg.

Insight

NOTHING HAS MADE the Anti-Saloon League so effective as its perception of this alliance and its invention of a means for breaking it. The politician is not tied up with the saloon-keeper for love of him, but only for the votes that are in it. Once make him see that he can get more votes, more power, and more advancement by opposing the saloon than he can by promoting it, and he will break the alliance. He may break it with reluctance, because he loses money by the change, but he will, by the law of his class, follow the side with the votes. So the Anti-Saloon League, nominating no candidates of its own, threw its force, in every community, for the men who had least to do with the saloon element. As their propaganda went on, as they roused, by temperance literature and church alliances, greater and greater feeling against saloons and saloon politics, the balance of power shifted. Politicians woke to realize that there were more votes in the anti-saloon element than in the saloon element plus repeaters, colonizers, and other devices to stimulate returns. When this was accomplished, there followed a stampede. Now, the country beholds such spectacles as the current meeting of the Mississippi Legislature, wherein business was blocked by the flood of Prohibition bills, where Governor-Elect NOEL and retiring Governor VARDAMAN strove each for the honor of signing the State Prohibition bill. The fact that the Anti-Saloon League was never represented in the Mississippi fight does not invalidate this example, for that excellent politician, Bishop GALLOWAY, made his fight on Anti-Saloon League lines before the League was born.

Saloons and Voters

IN Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania, saloons are licensed for one year. Every January holders of licenses must apply to the county court for renewal, and applicants for new licenses present their cases at the same time. Last month these proceedings brought out figures showing in various communities the number of voters in proportion to the number of saloons:

DISTRICT	Number of saloons now in existence	Number of new licenses applied for	Number of voters in each saloon in the district
Blythe	16	6	18
Butler	16	5	44
Cass	23	5	21
Coaldale	14	6	31
Frackville	13	2	47
Frailley	6	—	19
Gilberton	30	9	24
Girardville	39	11	20
Kline	7	4	21
McAdoo	24	16	11
Mahanoy City	133	35	10
Manheim, N.	6	2	23
Middleport	10	6	13
Minersville	47	22	22
Mt. Carbon	4	—	26
New Castle	11	2	23
New Philadelphia	22	24	11
Palo Alto	10	1	31
Port Clinton	2	2	39
Porter	13	2	24
Pottsville	68	18	53
Reilly Township	9	6	33
Rush	11	2	17
St. Clair	38	17	18
Schuylkill	13	1	14
Schuylkill Haven	12	3	78
Tamaqua	38	9	33
Union	10	1	26
Union, N.	5	1	28
W. Mahanoy	3	1	253

One saloon for every ten voters in Mahanoy City would seem ample; granting the application for thirty-five new licenses would reduce the average to eight voters for each saloon. These figures have a meaning for those who deplore the raising of any excitement about the American saloon. This serves as an opportunity for us to repeat that Collier's will pay \$100 for what is judged by the editors to be the best article, not over one thousand words in length, on "The Saloon in Our Town," submitted before March 15 next. We may use others besides the prize winner. If so, we will pay \$25 for each one accepted, and at a proportionate rate for portions of those of which only a part can be used.

Strength of the Jew

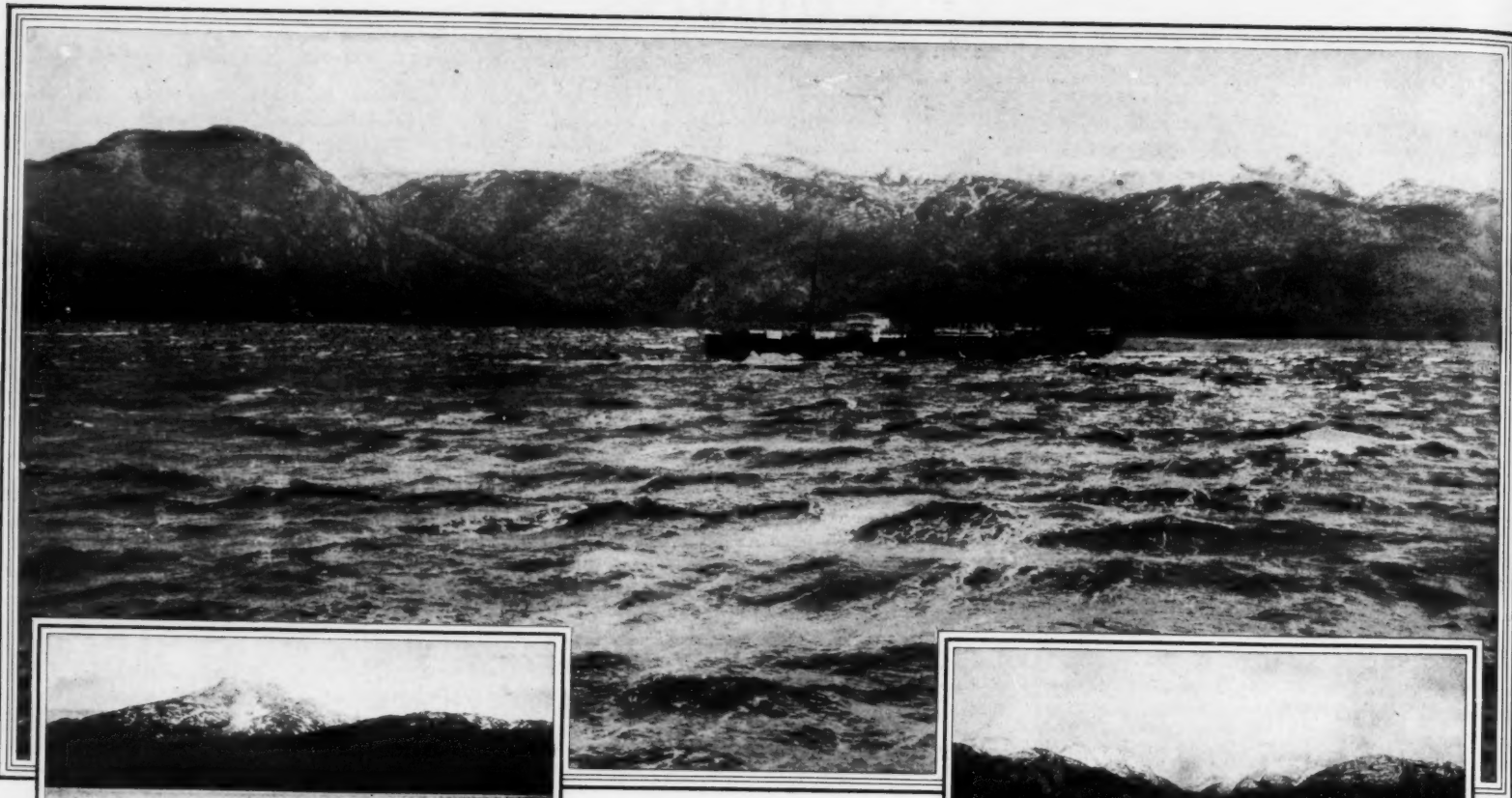
AN ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT ELIOT, not long ago, before the club of Jewish Harvard students, in which he advised them, on account of their short stature and defective physique, to encourage among themselves the athletic and even the military spirit, brought forth a storm of protest from the Jewish pulpits. The discussion really turns upon the definition of "a good physique." Does it mean the ability to perform certain feats of muscular and bodily effort with a certain degree of vigor or endurance, or does it mean the ability to fight the battle of life under modern conditions with success and unimpaired vitality? The Jewish race, as a race, is shorter in stature, feebler in

muscular development, and less inclined toward the more energetic and adventuresome pursuits, such as railroading, lumbering, mining, range-riding, and war, than the majority of the races which surround it. On the other hand, it has a higher birth-rate, a lower death-rate, a higher average longevity, and a smaller susceptibility to disease than any Gentile competitor. The one great disease of the slum and of the Ghetto is now, and has been for at least a thousand years, tuberculosis. In the lower wards of New York the mortality among the Jewish residents from this disease is barely 150 per 100,000 living; that of their Gentile neighbors in the same wards, and even in the same tenements, is from 450 to 550 per 100,000 living. A nearly similar preponderance in favor of the Jew will be found in the death-rate of the infectious diseases. The only diseases to which he appears to have developed a greater degree of susceptibility than his Gentile neighbors are diabetes and two rare eye diseases.

Mixed Marriages

NOR IS THE JEW in muscular and even martial prowess half so deficient as is usually supposed. In spite of their contempt for brute force, Jews have achieved distinction in almost every department of athletics, even in such an unlikely field as that of prize-fighting, the celebrated BENDIGO, for instance, and the present feather-weight champion of the United States both being generally accounted Jews. A basketball team of Jewish boys, taken from the slums, in the athletic contests at the World's Fair, St. Louis, beat every team that could be brought against them. There have been scores of famous Jewish generals, and in our Civil War the percentage of Jews who went to the front compared well with that of any other religion or nationality. The Jew has shown that it is possible, not merely to survive, but to progress upon qualities far other than those, in TENNYSON'S phrase, of "the ape and tiger"; and also, that both intellectual and—in a racial sense—physical vigor can be maintained for not

merely generations, but tens of centuries, under the most unfavorable conditions. We have much to learn from our Jewish brethren, and they have much to learn from us. Neither race really worships money, except as money brings power. The wealthiest Jewish banker reverences the threadbare scholar and dreamer as genuinely as our millionaire in his heart respects the soldier, the statesman, and the poet. One of the most interesting facts in America to-day is the extraordinary improvement in stature, in muscular vigor, in physical beauty, and in courage and cheerfulness, shown in the first and second generations of children born of Jewish parents upon American soil. Anthropologists generally are inclined to look forward with satisfaction to the breaking down of the religious and caste barriers between the two races, and to regard the mingling not merely of ideals, but of bloods, as likely to be of benefit. There is perhaps no more valuable "out-cross," as the breeders term it, for "The Blond Beast" of NIETZSCHE than the Dreamer of the Ghetto.



In Long Reach, Straits of Magellan (above), and (below) Punta Arenas



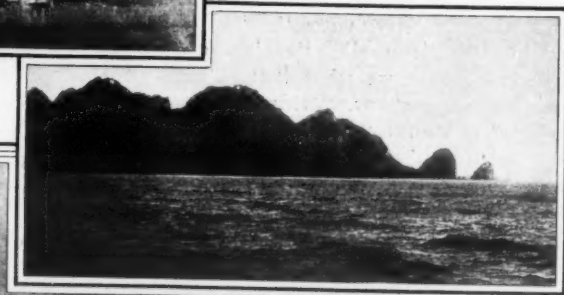
Rough water in the Straits of Magellan near Record Narrows



Another view in Long Reach, and (below) Cape Pilar, on the Pacific



Porvenir, on the island of Tierra del Fuego, opposite Punta Arenas



"Tres Evangelistas," the Three Evangelists, great rocks that rise out of the Straits, in view of the Fleet as it passes toward the Pacific

In the Straits of Magellan

The storm-swept channel through which the battleship fleet is passing from the Atlantic to the Pacific

The Business of Detection

An Inquiry Into the Methods of Criminal-Hunters

By ARTHUR HUNTINGTON GLEASON

I AM acquainted with several of the well-known detectives of this country—Lieutenant Faurot, an authority in Bertillon measurements and finger-prints; Inspector McCafferty, who conducts the Mulberry Street morning line-up of crooks; Deputy-Commissioner Woods; and that international personality, ex-Inspector Thomas Byrnes, who, now white-haired and a little bent, still carries that impression of veiled power which has always rendered him a mystery to the criminal and the respectable element of the community alike, and which fascinated and warmed me at the same time that it baffled me in his hospitality of a certain memorable evening.

These men, and detectives as a class, are alike in their enthusiasm, their knowledge of human nature, their instinctive feeling for the "human interest" story, and their joy in the analytic play of their mind, like summer lightning, over their craft.

Two elements render criminal-catching fascinating as a pursuit or as a literary beguiling. It is the joy of the chase—the hunter on the trail that smells of blood—and the sheer intellectual play of working out a problem. A detective is a combination of man-hunter and restless analyst.

A detective who is a lover of his trade will spend an afternoon with you whittling away his quest into the layers of its structure. He is a born critic. He has an exact statement for the make-up of his craft.

Politics as a Check on Crime-Detection

POLITICS have played havoc with crime-detection as a fine art in this country. A detective is more often promoted because he has an influential relative or has served well a block-captain than because he has discouraged local thieves. Very recently in one of the larger cities it was decided to promote ten detectives, out of a staff of fifty, to \$2,000 a year. For several weeks preceding a line of men knocked at the commissioner's door, each one with his reason why some one detective should be promoted. None of the reasons dealt with any detective's record as a thief-hunter. All the pleas were personal or political. Till influence ceases to invade the detective bureau, we shall not have the specialists needed by a safety-loving community.

Detective work is of five sorts:

I. *The Method of Elimination.*—From a general knowledge of the faces and whereabouts of the 2,000 to 3,000 professional crooks in the community, the five or six men are selected, after a crime has been committed, who, from personal need and from proximity to the scene, are under suspicion, and then the hunt narrows down to the actual criminal.

The earmarks of the job—the traces left, the autograph, as it were, of the perpetrator—the locality of the crime, and then a wide acquaintance with the possible perpetrators, these are the elements of this system.

It is the same method as the scholiasts pursued in assigning the authorship of a disputed poem.

II. *The Employment of Stool-Pigeons.*—This is the practise of the maxim, "Set a thief to catch a thief." It is the playing of one crook against another. The detective has "stoops," or allies, in the ranks of the crooks themselves. He knows crooks for the sake of the inside information obtainable. It gives a certain definiteness to the quest when one of the underworld whispers you: "Hot-fingered Bill rigged the game."

This is a good system to a degree. But its limitations are numerous and discouraging. It is untrustworthy. The information given may be inaccurate for motives of revenge, or it may be just inaccurate.

The crook may, for dearth of facts, have no crimes to report. He will then work up a deal, in order to hold his position as confidential adviser. He will pay another crook to pull off a job, or he will let a job go through that could have been prevented, or he will place novices in compromising situations in order to inform on them.

III. *Preliminary Observation by Detectives.*—In New York City there are 250 details in various parts of the city, simply to watch out that nothing happens. There is the famous Wall Street gang of twelve men, the pawnbrokers' gang, the subway gang, the residential section gang, the flat-house gang, the river gang, the car-line gang. The faces of some of these men become known to the crooks, but that is not necessarily a drawback. There is a certain pair of detectives who, when it is known they are watching on a car-line, drive the pickpockets off by the weight of their reputation.

These preventive detectives arrest persons acting suspiciously, follow known characters. Much of their duty may consist simply in walking up and down as in the residential district.

Wonderful among spectacles is the line-up of crooks at 8:30 A. M. in Police Headquarters. The twenty to forty captures of the preceding day are invited up on a raised platform, plain for all men to see. In the pit beneath them in black masks are the 250 detectives who cover the town. Between exhibitions of prisoners they throw up the cloth mask for a breathing space, and



Measuring the outstretched arms by the Bertillon system



Measuring with calipers the width of the head



Getting the length of the left foot fully extended



A Bertillon detail—getting the length of the right ear

stand revealed as commonplace citizens. But when the masks are dropped and the gaze of all 250 is intently aimed at some old-time offender, branding his features into the brain for future swift reference, the effect is like that of a secret society making ready for a death sentence. The crook shows his full face, both profiles and back, while an inspector reads his past record and present offense.

Inspector McCafferty dominates the situation, intoning the crook's record, questioning him as if in con-

fessional, and then rounding out the morning with a fatherly little talk to his men. Take one day before last election.

"Men," he says, "election is at hand, and Chicago has sent us a batch of her crooks. Two were on the trolley as I came down this morning. I moved toward them to study them a little carefully. They mistakenly thought I was planning to hit them; and they tumbled off the car. One, in fact, fell to the street, and is, I imagine, wandering around the city to-day slightly lame. This is just a reminder that we must be extra careful and keep them on the move. And now, young man [he turns to the visitor], I'm sorry it wasn't a better morning—only three well-known offenders for you, when we might have had a dozen."

This morning function gives the detective an immense lot of useful material. It tells him whom to watch, and thus enables him to anticipate certain crimes. Also, it instructs him in the particular line of trade of the prisoner. So that when he sees him again on the public street he won't be looking for a pick-pocket's behavior from a safe-robber.

IV. *Identification.*—This method of crime-detection is fourfold—photographs, Bertillon system, finger-prints, and memory. A fifth has been suggested by a New York scientist—that of the X-ray—to photograph the bones of the left foot and of the right hand.

The Bertillon system is excellent and helpful. Its findings, however, are affected by the human equation, so the results are a little loose. Thus one measurer may be accustomed to pulling the tape tightly and another loosely. So the measurements would somewhat differ for the same person under observation. Or an unskilful measurer could completely invalidate the findings. But the Bertillon system is distinctly useful.

The Unchanging Record of the Finger-Print

THE finger-print has been a means of identification of some sort in all ages. The scheme of classification was invented in England in 1901 by Sir Edward Henry. It enables the finger-mark to be found with the same swiftness and definiteness that a word is found in the dictionary. Obtaining the record is as simple as this: Grab the crook's fingers, smear them with ink from a copper plate finely inked; after rolling the thumb and fingers over on the plate, press them on a piece of white paper. The core of each finger is surrounded with a series of curving lines, forming what is called either a loop or a whorl, according to its shape. The ten fingers are numbered, one set of five making the numerator and the other the denominator of a set of fractions whose value is assigned by the number of lines in the formation of the print from the core to the delta of the finger, W for whorl and L for loop, so we have an arrangement like this:

W L L L L
L L W W L

We shall have the fraction $\frac{11}{11}$, let us say, as the result. That corresponds to the first letter of the word in a dictionary-hunt.

The finger-print remains the same from birth to death, and not only that but after the finger has been scarred or jammed or bruised it regains its former print.

The human-element method of identification operates by the powers of memory, as when the face of a thief is held in mind for twelve years by some veteran sleuth, untroubled by a cloud of aliases.

The memory method of identification is entirely a matter of being born to the trade.

It is worth getting up early to see an expert at work. I was sitting with one of them one morning looking over photographs of the infamous, when the plainclothes men began to bring in a set of crooks, three at a time, from a nest of "rats." He looked up sharply from his desk for each man, and made a mental flash-light on his brain, and then returned to the work in hand. It was entirely like a camera in operation, with the shutter opening and closing down. But with these experts, there is a large element of human fallibility with all of them, and an element of fake with some of them.

They pick up a photograph or a human face in the same way. The first flash does it. And they wish the full face. Some refuse to admit that they give preference to any one feature, though I have heard other detectives say that one full look into a man's eyes, with the set of his forehead over it, the width of the eyes apart, and the fit of the nose into the cavity, is the dominant mark of the face, and I have heard them say that they avert the eyes when shadowing a man and passing him, since the look of the eyes persists through every disguise.

A recent triumph of an expert was recognizing a London photograph of an elderly cultured man, who looked somewhat like Commodore Gerry, and very much like a port-wine peer in the House of Lords, as the same man whose photograph he had with the neck gripped by an arm from behind, and the mouth wide open gasping for air. Nothing was remotely like, except the splendid dome-like forehead—the "victorious brow," in Matthew Arnold's phrase.

V. *The Deductive Method.*—This method has been

popularized by the international school of fiction-writers—Gaboriau, Boisgobey, Wilkie Collins, Conan Doyle, Poe, Anna Katherine Green, and many others.

It is built up on observation of external fact, by following up clues, seeing that which others wouldn't see. The trained detective sees a clue, just as a hunter sees game: he gets the open and palpitant nostril. Or, changing the comparison, he is like a doctor, who takes the individual case and diagnoses the symptoms.

The mind of the detective is like the rime-word to the mind of the criminal. Their natures are correspondent. Because he has the same potential capacities and desires, the detective can read the criminal mind. The lowest grade of detective is one who decides there is more steady profit in selling his services to society than in committing crimes against society. The talent that fits him for the one rôle fits him for the other. And a few maxims he knows thoroughly.

In studying crooks, wait for the proper day. Select that day when they will be playing cards in their favorite joint, or dozing in their most particular haunt. The knowledge of that day is the beginning of wisdom. It is a very wet or a snowy day. Then they will be at home to you.

And remember in looking them up that a good thief won't shoot you—a high-class performer: he is too wise. As the greatest of all detectives said to me: "It's only the inexperienced men who kill."

There are a thousand lines in which a man may specialize to fit himself for deductive work. Gunshot wounds make an important study. It is easily possible to gauge by the powder-marks the distance from the body at which the pistol was fired. Powder-marks will be seen, with a certain gage, as far as eight feet. So it becomes a question between suicide and murder when the powder-marks are of a certain frequency. The angle of the wound and the course of the bullet are important indications.

A large proportion of the murders are committed with rusty pistols. With the bullet, bunches of rust are carried into the body, so that it is possible from the bullet to state the calibre of the pistol, and then from the rust to say which particular pistol it was.

One set of specialists deal with the swindling operations. They know the law, and they understand commercial transactions. They watch the numerous get-rich-quick schemes. The operator sends out his circular advertisements, money flows in, and no value is returned. Then he is prosecuted under the postal laws for misrepresentation.

One branch of the New York detective staff makes a specialty of the Italians. The Italians have secret societies, some carry stiletos and pistols, and many of them are strange to our language and customs. These factors make the crimes committed in that section of a specialized nature, requiring local treatment.

The Cosmopolitan Tribe of American Detectives

LET us recall a famous piece of detection to illustrate the deductive mood. A certain well-known financier was being troubled with threatening letters in which he was accused of bearing a particular stock in the Exchange. The letters grew bolder and more murderous in tone. They all bore the Station E postmark. The chief of the detective bureau inserted a personal in the "Herald," unsigned, but saying that the writer was not bearing the stock. This would be sure to draw a reply from the anonymous letter-writer. Station E, at that time, had 104 letter boxes; 104 postmen were detailed one to each box to open his box each time a letter was dropped in; 104 detectives were told off each to wait on the corner opposite the letter-box. The postman put a rubber band round the accumulating package of mail, so that the new letter would be separate and distinguishable. When the financier's name appeared on a letter—it was twelve o'clock noon, Sunday—the postman raised his right hand, and the detective on the opposite corner arrested the man who had deposited the letter.

The detective force of our American cities offers the best material of any for refinement and perfection in detection, because so many nationalities are represented. It is a limitation in London, Berlin, and Paris that the detectives are mainly of the one nationality. The mind of the criminal is a various and subtle mind, which to cope with requires the contribution of a variety of races. This point has been overlooked in all discussions of detective methods and successes in different countries. It is not necessarily that you catch an Italian with an Italian or a Rumanian with a Rumanian—but that each race has somewhat to reinforce the other with in the theory and practise of detection—a Teutonic accuracy and a Gallic intuition and an Irish militant quality and an American energy.

Then, too, you will have various social grades—the suave sleuth who will discuss a jewel robbery in a Fifth Avenue drawing-room, and the deep-chested hearty who drinks with sailors in Water Street. Build and breeding and mental quality, all find their widest play where there is an intermixture of nationalities.

So the American situation is different from that of the foreign cities, because our larger cities are not only cosmopolitan, but they are dwelt in by a constantly shifting population. No cities in the world have such a problem of immigration to face as New York and Chicago. And it is in this situation only that the methods are different here from those employed on the

Continent. The detection of crime in itself is the same the world over. It is the power of reading faces, noticing a dropped handkerchief, a soiled collar, the lift of the right eyebrow, overhearing a chance remark in a saloon. It is observing that a particular prostitute breaks out into a rash of jewelry, and then remembering whose girl she is. Or when a poor man has unexpected easy money—connecting that with a deficit elsewhere.

And detectives the world over are alike in the focusing power of the eye. They may shuffle or be alert little Irish laddies, or be tired out and smutty, but they all of them possess a searching eye, that eats holes into the make-up of the passer-by.

Yes, the detection of crime is the same everywhere. But the difference comes in the character of the population.

In the little old New York of the eighties we had three strata of criminals—those native-born, the ruffian element among the Irish, and a sprinkling of Germans. The situation to-day is far more complicated with the Russian Jew and Polish Jew pickpockets, the Italian

fully entered on paper. Every detective in Scotland Yard keeps a diary, and it is a diary, in that it is brought up to date each day.

The American detective is not as far advanced in these scientific methods. But it is believed by many that he is superior in the habit of depending on such qualifications as intuition, perseverance, and observation rather than on directions imposed on him at a central office before starting out on a case. In a word, he excels in wise initiative.

Francis Garvan, of the District Attorney's office, who has had a fairly wide experience with crime conditions, says: "The immediate need is for an adequate secret service, a body of men whose faces have not been known to the city. The Italian branch of the detective bureau is known to many persons. As the result, it is a give-away for one to be seen talking with a detective. The neighbors will accuse you of tipping off the detectives."

"We should have carefully organized branches of the secret service for the different classes of foreigners in the largest cities. Men should live in the Rumanian, Italian, Slavic, Greek, Armenian, etc., sections of the East and West sides. These men would become a part of the life of the neighborhood, but they would not be known as detectives."

"In our country the police, in dealing with vice in foreign communities, are too often dependent on stool-pigeons—paid allies of vice. And this system means a granting of immunity and favors to criminals."

"Europe is ahead of us in this development of the secret service—particularly Paris."

"Two elements are required in carrying a secret service to success—money for the appropriation and the necessary training, and hard work as the only road to promotion."

"Continuous detailed work is the only method for catching criminals."

"Political door-mat activity on the part of chiefs of departments and bureaus is a poor substitute for covering the trail."

The danger of a secret service is that in monarchical countries it has developed into a private agency for the Government. It has been used for blackmail and for political maneuvers by those in authority.

Its purpose of community service has been diverted to serve ambition. What it would become in this country is problematical, but that there would be grave attendant dangers is obvious.

The statement of a properly policed town has been suggested as eighty per cent of all crimes prevented, and fifteen per cent detected after commission. This leaves a leeway of five per cent for human fallibility.

The crimes of great passion, of sudden momentary suggestion, and of the robbery of employer by employee—expert accountant, cashier, trusted clerk—these can not be foreseen or guarded against. But professional pickpockets, safe-robbers, and green-goods men operating in a city mean inefficiency in the detective bureau.

The Ideal Man for Head of a Detective Force

EFFECTIVE detection of crime in a city is largely dependent on the man at the head of the bureau. It rests with him to take average human nature and weed it out. Never to retract an order, to respect his men, to command respect by sheer manhood, to have a working knowledge of legal procedure, an immense personal knowledge of crooks and their ways, the habit of spending time with them each day as a physician spends time with his patients—these are essentials to a chief of detectives.

The perfect news-gatherer, who can frame up such a story that the breakfast coffee of five boroughs grows cold, is not necessarily the timber for city editor, who will send out fifty men to cover every rat hole in a city, hold two assignment books in one lobe of the brain, and handle three emergencies and a panic in a level, slightly bored voice.

And the capable detective, master of the still-hunt, a mixture of ferret and bloodhound, is not, by that token, the man to plot out the cleansing of a city from sneak-thieves, and how to place the staff. He must be straight, or his system will disintegrate; he may not be a braggart; he must not be ruled by a clique; he will know the city as a pilot knows the harbor reefs and channels.

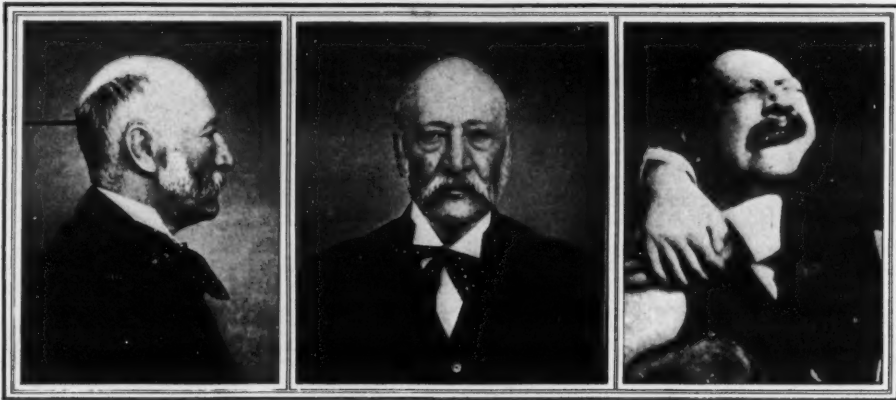
All this, and more. And civil service alone won't do it.

The detection of crime, as all other things in life, comes back to a matter of personality and leadership.

A certain noted Police Commissioner of New York, now in high national station (not Roosevelt) was once asked if two policemen appeared before him for promotion—one from the First Precinct with three arrests in a year to his credit, and one from the Twenty-third with three hundred arrests—which one he would select, if the other qualifications balanced. He said he would take the man with three hundred arrests, as more energetic and alive.

It was then pointed out to him that the First Precinct is filled with office buildings, guarded by watchmen, and that the Twenty-third Precinct is the Tenderloin.

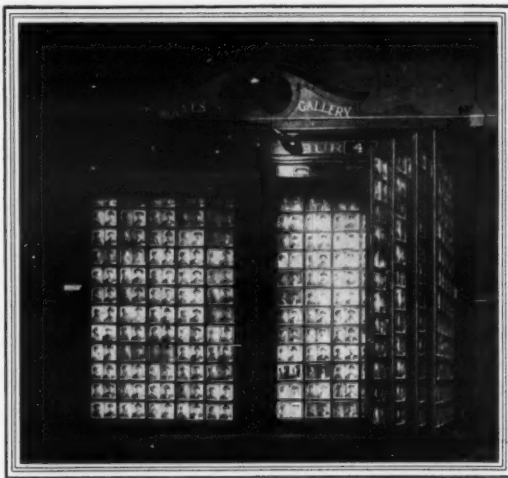
On reading these paragraphs, if any one thinks I have confused detectives and policemen, he is urged to remember that our American municipalities are the creators of the confusion, in their haphazard choice of commissioners for police and detective work, and in the haphazard jumping over of men from police to detective service.



Three Views of "Paper-Collar Joe"—a detective identified them all as photographs of the same man



The method of making the Bertillon records of the thumb and finger prints of the criminals of Paris



A section of the New York Rogues' Gallery, where 18,000 living crooks are "mugged" and their records are filed

and Servian secret societies—each race contributing some subtlety, and each individual expressing himself along a specialized line. Thus one man devoted his life to robbing ocean steamers just as they were about to sail. The cabins are filled with opened luggage, the doors are unlocked, and the passengers are on deck waving good-by to the shore. It is a wide-open occasion for a well-trained man.

Paris and Berlin each has its own native population to deal with, for the most part, plus some or many thousands of harmless pleasure-loving tourists. The police are aided by citizens speaking their own language in sympathy with them. When an arrest is made in any quarter, it is made among friends of the police. The community cooperates to the end that crime be prevented and detected.

As the result, a system of surveillance is possible where the population is homogeneous. The stranger within the gates is tabulated. The character of each house is known. With Ellis Island working overtime, it would take a police force of half a million to go and do likewise in New York and Chicago.

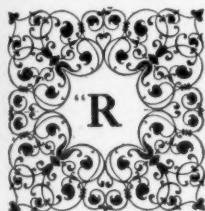
This system of surveillance is maintained with the aid of cabmen, porters, servants, valets—a great trained army of informal spies.

London is well ahead of New York in its office system. The filing of documents is perfected, so that all the papers on a given case are in the one bundle and readily available. The data relative to a case are care-

The Cheap Homes Problem



By J. M. OSKISON



RENT STRIKES" in the cities, inspired by overzealous agitators, at least serve this purpose: they bring the housing problem home to the minds of the people. Fortunately, too. The old story of eviction, as true and poignant as ever, lacks life as it is written briefly in the day's newspapers. The reader passes it over with the trite reflection that the poor we have always with us. But wholesale evictions, following a "rent strike," make better copy; they rouse the jaded interest anew.

One thinks of the pertinence of such happenings just now, when Thomas A. Edison is perfecting his plans for building in wholesale lots concrete houses for working men for \$1,000 apiece. Mr. Edison is clear in the statement of his purpose. He wants to make his \$1,000 concrete houses successful for the single reason that they may help to abolish city slums. He does not claim an inventor's credit for working out the idea. "There's nothing essentially novel in my plan," he says. "It's like making a complicated casting in iron, with the difference that concrete is not so fluid as molten iron. Some one was bound to work this idea out, and I thought I might as well be the one."

It is fortunate that Mr. Edison took up the problem. Once he demonstrates that habitable, well-appearing houses can be built by the use of his molds for \$1,000, he will license without cost any responsible builder who wants to use his patents to build such houses. Again, Edison's mere announcement that he can build good houses to rent for \$7.50 a month will set many a man to wondering if he might not live decently at the same price he now pays for squalor. Tolling people into the suburbs and away from the tenements is a difficult work. In such centres as Chicago and New York the bait must be of an alluring quality indeed to move the average worker.

The commercial aspect of the "poured" concrete house proposition was first worked out by the inventor. A man, normally, will live where he can get most for the money he has to spend. "Do not get the idea," says Mr. Edison, "that the slums of our cities are peopled by men and women who want to live in them. They are popular because they offer the cheapest living accommodations. I found, for instance, that the ditch-digging workman of Newark paid \$9 a month for two rooms in a tumble-down house in a mean street. The man was making only \$1.60 a day, and he had to live near his work. This slum tenement was the best he could afford. On the other hand, the tenement owner could not reduce his charge or offer more for the money because the value of his land for business purposes went on increasing."

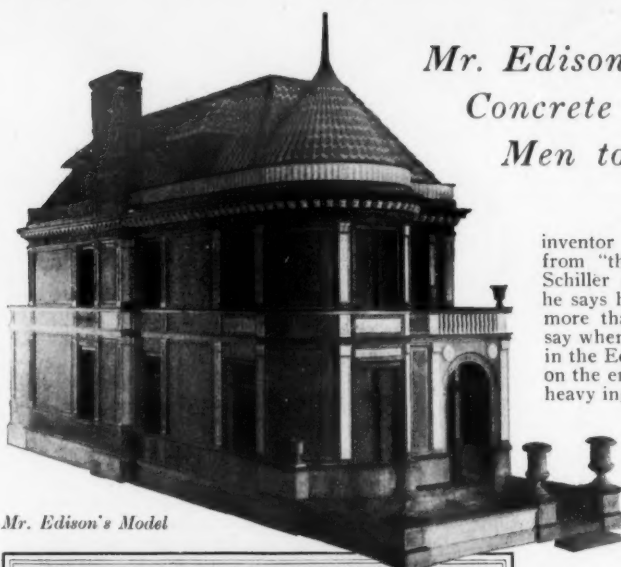
When this \$1.60-a-day workman looked toward the suburbs, he found expensive and slow transportation, and impossibly high rents for ugly little houses. Mr. Edison learned that if he expected to bring this man into the suburbs the rent charge must be reduced to the point where the saving would pay for the worker's transportation.

Concrete as a Substitute for Wood

WOOD for building really cheap houses is already out of the question, so rapidly has the price of lumber gone up. Concrete is not expensive. The cement used, one part to five of crushed stone and three of sand, is the costly ingredient. In most localities where Mr. Edison expects to see groups of these poured houses rise, the sand and broken stone necessary will come out of the excavation for the cellar.

Concrete construction is becoming fairly familiar in the larger cities. But thus far the building process has been extremely tedious and costly. Wooden molds are slowly built up, a section of wall is poured in and allowed to harden, then the molds are raised and the process repeated. There would be no economy in building a suburban cottage in this laborious way. The immense amount of material put into the wooden molds is "dead" material until the slow job is finished. With wooden molds, too, the form of the building is rigid, box-like.

The Edison plan is to manufacture a set of three-quarter-inch cast-iron, nickel-plated molds, into which, literally, the whole house may be poured. By using a force pump the operation will be completed within a day after the molds are set up, and in six days the structure will be "set." Then the iron molds may be taken down and the process repeated weekly. From cellar floor to roof-peak, the house will be cast at one operation. Outside walls, partition walls, chimneys, mantels, bath-tubs, conduits for the necessary wiring will all take shape as the compressed air pump forces the fluid mixture into the molds. "And once this house is built," declares Mr. Edison, "it will be practically indestructible. No repairs, outside walls 10 or 12 inches thick, absolutely dry and easy to heat in winter, and the coolest kind of a home in summer—that's



Mr. Edison's Model



MR. EDISON IN THE LIBRARY OF HIS WORKSHOP

"I don't want this cheap, concrete house that I'm going to build to be just a square wooden box," the inventor says; "I want it to be a palace, by thunder!"

the sort of a house I want to make. I don't want this house to be just a square wooden box; I want it to be a palace, by thunder!" Mr. Edison is positive in his manner, enthusiastic.

"See here," he urges, pointing to the big carved wooden flower pots at the edge of the uncovered piazza of the quarter-size model he has erected in a big room of his laboratory. "Flowers, yes. Why not? And the pots all cast with the rest of it. I want these houses built where the kids will have room to play. They want good architecture, they like flowers—they ought to have 'em."

A set of molds for the two-family house shown in the model will cost about \$25,000 and weigh 400,000 pounds. The rest of the required apparatus will probably cost \$15,000. It is a formidable equipment, and only a builder of large capital is expected to supply himself with it. Mr. Edison wants to make possible the construction of varied types of houses from one set of molds. Mr. Firstly's house may, for example, be forty feet in depth and twenty-two in width. The molds being set up on Mr. Secondly's lot adjoining, a house approximately thirty feet square may result. With comparatively few additions to a set of molds, Mr. Edison expects a builder to avoid the dead monotony of architecture that would naturally be suggested when he proposes to apportion the cost of one set of molds among 1,500 houses.

Details of the plan crowd Mr. Edison's discussion, to the confusion of the untechnical hearer. He speaks of the excellent quality of the concrete he has experimented with. Compared to the concrete mixed with Pozzuoli cement, of which so many of the enduring Roman structures were built, this mixture, the major ingredients of which will usually come from the cellar excavation, is, he says, as fire-brick to clay. It may be; Mr. Edison shows some that had been poured into a section of tooled iron mold and had become a steel-hard, supple bar that leans against the laboratory wall. The material is capable of extraordinary ornamentation: from it has been modeled a fine Indian head; on sensitized cement blocks have been printed portraits of Mr. Edison and of the model house.

Mr. Edison suddenly breaks out to say that, by thunder! he wants to put the working man into a palace. He has searched his library for pictures of architectural features that he wants to adopt. As an instance, he wants the balustrade at the edge of the open piazza of his model to be a copy of that on the staircase in Neal's painting, showing the first encounter between Mary Queen of Scots and the strolling Italian singer, Rizzio. From a crowded notebook, the

Mr. Edison's Plan for Producing Concrete Houses for Working Men to Cost \$1,000 Each

inventor reads that he's got an idea for a front door from "that great painting called 'Wallenstein' in the Schiller art gallery." But much of this artistic detail he says he will leave to Mrs. Edison. "My wife knows more than I do about such things. Engineers always say when I tell them about my scheme"—by the twinkle in the Edison eye you may know that the joke is to be on the engineers—"How are you going to prevent the heavy ingredient of your cement [the broken stone] from settling as it flows through the molds? Do you see what I mean? This wall would be solid, packed with broken stone, but the other, being built of cement forced across the width of the structure, would lack this heavy body material."

"Well, I say, 'That is a very serious question, of course, Mr. Jones; but you come with me and I'll show you something.'" Mr. Edison breaks off to lead the way to some siphon-like box structures in the big laboratory yard. Fifteen feet from the ground is a wooden hopper set on top of a wooden mold six inches square. At the bottom, this mold turns and runs along the ground for twenty feet and then shoots up in the air again fifteen feet. "We carried concrete up in buckets and poured it into that hopper," Mr. Edison explains. "It ran down, and along here, and then rose up here, until, by jingo! it rose up to within five inches of the top. And I want to tell you that 'way out here, 50 feet from where it was poured in, there was as much broken stone in the cement as there was at the hopper!'"

It strikes you that in considering this plan Mr. Edison is more sociologist than inventor. You picture him listening to some man's vivid story of the horror of slum living, pondering the statistics, and wondering if there might not be some practically magical way of transporting the families of slum dwellers into the open and of scattering the rookeries.

Factory-built homes, like factory-made shoes, should be cheap. It was up to him to provide the factory and the process. Cheap material—concrete—was at hand.

In the big library adjoining his workshop is an English "Housing Handbook," ponderously subtitled: "A practical manual for the use of officers, members, and committees of local authorities, ministers of religion, members of Parliament, and all social or municipal reformers interested in the housing of the working classes." Here and there in its packed pages, Mr. Edison has underscored statements and penciled comments. Reforming the slums themselves did not appeal to him—the cost of living there under any circumstances is too large. Detached suburban dwellings—free air and a patch of ground for the children of every family—was the solution. Improved, cheap transportation would make the job of getting to and from work easy.

A Chance for Double-Barreled Philanthropy

SO, thinking of the plight of the working man as he might consider the problem of some extraordinary mechanical strain, Mr. Edison set to work to find a cheap house. But—the idea of Edison as a sociologist or philanthropist needs explanation. He realizes this—as he explains, one recalls the face of some rich Yankee farmer who has planned to build a fine house for his favorite grandchild—and to make a good, cheap job of it, too, by thunder! "I don't expect to make any money out of this," says Mr. Edison. "Of course, I'm running a big cement-making plant over here in Jersey, but I don't expect every man who goes into the business of building concrete houses in my molds to use my cement. If I can't compete with others in price and quality—why?"—he draws a finger across his throat to finish the sentence.

"I have some rich men interested in a proposition that I'd like to have you think about," Mr. Edison proposes suddenly. "Here it is: Mr. Smith means to give half a million dollars to a college, say. Instead of turning over that amount of bonds, let him invest it in a plot of land in the suburbs and 500 of these concrete houses for working men. Then let him turn over this property to the college. As an investment, it would be worth more to the college than the average bond bearing a low rate of interest. It would be a double-barreled philanthropy, wouldn't it? Can you see any flaws in it?"

Meanwhile, inquiries from landowners, builders, and workmen come to the inventor in quantity from the near cities and the far countries. The American purchasing agent of a building company of Florence, Italy, waits at the window of the laboratory office as the writer comes in. "Oh! I get letters every day—stacks of 'em," Mr. Edison announces. "I tell you, this job of getting cheap homes for the working people is a big one—the biggest I ever tackled."

"Here, you take that book"—it is the English handbook on the housing problem that Mr. Edison offers—"but send it back in ten days, will you? You'll read in there how serious the matter is in England. And it's getting very bad in the United States; getting worse all the time."

Plays and Players

Mme. Nazimova as a Burnt-out Comet

By ARTHUR RUHL



AT seven o'clock in the morning, certain dramatized ideas, living in an undiscovered valley in the Spanish Pyrenees, were thrown into considerable commotion by the sudden appearance of "a woman of a thousand years, fleeing through the smoky dawn." She rode in a coach, madly, to the faint ironic jingle of bells; the horses plunged and strained, and still she cried, "Faster! faster!" and leaning forward, peered ahead, with eyes that were dead, dead, dead, as the ladies who write for the "Journal" would say.

She, too, was a dramatized idea—the ancient, bone-rattling great artist, dear to literary Bohemia, who has lived everything, suffered everything, and exists only as an instrument for the expression of art, with a fine green complexion, every human tie severed, every natural emotion turned to ashes. Obviously, just the person to fascinate Fernand, the boy poet—although Fernand was not as young as he thought he was; certainly as old as the first very-minor-poet who ever abused the race of editors a red-ink table d'hôte. She flashed across his vision like a comet, shooting, through the wan, wet dawn, "El Cometa," she was called, indeed, out in the world—at least one supposes so, although Mr. Johnson's Spaniards use a language of their own and pronounce it to rime with "coquette"—a great actress and insatiable vampire.

She was on her way back to the home of her girlhood with the agreeable purpose of destroying her last illusion. She enters it looking about seven feet tall, in a long, dead-colored robe, with a dead-sounding chatelaine clanking at her waist, dead complexion and dead eyes. Fernand rushes in, too, and startles her by looking exactly as his father looked, twenty years before. She feels as though she were dreaming her tragic girlhood over again and the dream were real. They sit down side by side and Fernand holds her hand. For the first time in many years she begins to feel drowsy, like a little girl, and presently sleeps.

She awakes to find that she is not dead, after all, that she has borrowed new life from Fernand. She tells the story of her past and what he must do to be-

come a regular artist. He must throw over the girl he is engaged to, cut loose from every human tie. No sooner said than done—of his own free will and gladly, as they say in "Rosmersholm." And he and El Cometa—completely rejuvenated now—are just packing up to go out into the world and live, live, live, when Fernand's father enters. He it seems was a very important part of Lona's past, and he forbids the boy's departure, by warning him of a law which even animals of the field—one would like to know what animals—obey. So Fernand goes outside and shoots himself. The dead look comes back to El Cometa's eyes, and as the curtain falls the coach-bells jangle again their metallic irony at the door, and she drags herself to her feet, again "the woman of a thousand years," to take up the weary flight from which death will be the only release.

"The Comet" is Mr. Owen Johnson's first play. Its evident purpose—aside from the esoteric one which will be instantly understood by the several million amateur playwrights who have not yet had a play put on—is to tell how great artists are made. The obvious query of the simple-minded spectator, after viewing this hideous and semi-moribund Lona, is, why have artists?

The obvious answer, of course, is that the creation of art or artists does not involve the manufacture of such monstrosities. This may be said flatly, without going into the ancient problem of finding the perfect mean between art and life—a problem almost as difficult as that of fixing the perfect mean between an undergraduate athlete's idealistic determination to do his best at whatever he attempts and his common-sense duty not to become a one-sided gladiator with an enlarged heart making work out of what should be sport.

"The Comet" when not built on mere literariness, is inspired by and built for the exotically dazzling personality of Madame Nazimova. It is not a transcription of any kind of real life; has, indeed, no basis of reality except as reality may be known to those who are closer to books than to people, and have become overwrought and anemic through trying to extract nourishment from pictures of life instead of from life itself. There is an inevitable resemblance to "Magda"—without any of that firm human texture into which "Magda" is built—traces of Ibsen in the phrasing and sundry other echoes. And yet it has a certain fervor and earnestness, a sincerity in its own point of view—as

though, for instance, Fernand himself were writing the lines—that holds for the moment and entertains.

It is along a curious path of reasoning that the devotees of this cult proceed. Observing that the great are rare, and not often to be found among butchers, bakers, and candlestick-makers, they reason that by detaching themselves completely from the race of butchers, bakers, and candlestick-makers, they can therefore become geniuses. Aware that certain great spirits have been ennobled and enriched, and, as it were, born again, through suffering and sin, they reason that one may get up in the morning and go out and achieve an artist's soul by committing a few assorted crimes, as one would go out and purchase fresh vegetables at market. They undergo metamorphoses and say with Fernand, in the play: "What I have learned to-day has made me so humble that I would seek the most miserable outcast in the street to learn what she can teach me." Indeed, Fernand would, because she would offer that vague mingling of pathos, sex attraction, and easy picturesqueness necessary to stir his unvigorous and ingrowing imagination. But the *he* waifs, merely drab, stupid; the Philistine bankers, seed-planting commuters, mothers with baby-carriages, street-car conductors, Tammany politicians, aunts and suburban relatives, bank clerks, tobacco-chewing farmers, mail-carriers, owners of automobiles—these do not interest them. Observing that artists must maintain a certain detachment, to have the time and mental freedom for their work, they cut themselves completely from the life about them. They talk about understanding and interpreting life and know nothing whatever of what life means to nine hundred and ninety-nine people out of every thousand.

Madame Nazimova's impersonation of the semi-defunct Lona is, as would be expected, calculated to keep the spectator's nerves in a continuous titillation of agreeable horror. It is a tricky part, and Madame Nazimova neglects no trick of dress or make-up or physical virtuosity to make it vivid and enthralling. She has the stage almost continually, and the final impression is almost that of a monologue to which Fernand acts as interlocutor. Her performance has little relation to human reality, but it is scarcely fair to judge it from any such standard any more than certain of Poe's tales could be fairly judged by the same standards that would be applied to Mr. Howells or Miss Mary Wilkins. She starts out to get a certain effect, this half-nightmare notion of a burnt-out comet shooting through a smoky dawn, and with a few slips—there are postures in which that elongated collar looks flatly grotesque and comical—she certainly gets it. In its own vein—not greatly to be desired—it is brilliant and well worth seeing.

The King Relaxes

Mayor Busse Goes Out With the Boys

HE who knows the seamy side of Chicago, as he knows the back of his own hand, had said: "Come down on the South Side with me at midnight and I'll show you something!" When he speaks with that air of mystery, I trust and follow. We tramped over those Chicago board sidewalks, knobby with nails, which recall the old-time mining camps, to a region of two-story houses, dark, muddy alleys, small shops. Only one light burned in the block at that time of night; it came dimly through the haze from a corner saloon in a building so old that the window-frames sagged. Next, we were aware of a noise which resolved itself into a confused tune—many voices singing inharmoniously "In the Good Old Summer Time."

"Johnnie Murphy's place," said he who knows Chicago. "Ever hear of it? It's great!" We entered.

Through the blinding tobacco smoke we made out the singers. They sat, to the number of a dozen, at a round table beside the stove, drawing out their beery tune. One was just dropping asleep; all appeared sodden, what with the beer and the thick atmosphere, except one who had been drinking whisky. He insisted on pounding the table with his glass at the end of every stanza. Mostly, they ran to girth and jowl; and they all had that good-humored hardness of face which seems to go with ward politics. Over by the end of the bar sat a trim, elderly man, his pleasant, Celtic face turned toward the group at the stove with a shade of anxiety. His was the sharpest, cleanest countenance in the room. As I learned afterward, this was Johnnie Murphy, the proprietor; and Johnnie was worried about this noise so late at night—and with a new chief in town.

He who knows Chicago walked over to the stove and

dropped his hand on the shoulder of the biggest and fattest of them all. With the other hand he waved me forward.

"His Honor Fred Busse, Mayor of Chicago!" said he.

And a human mountain heaved itself, rumbled a few good-natured rumbles, and rose before me.

If I had been called upon to conceive a cartoon of the Mayor of Porktown, it would have been—that. It crossed my mind that he would have made a star tackle in his youth. Broad, massy shoulders, legs like young oaks, the station on his feet of a superlatively strong man who could resist the shock of an express train—but before him and seeming, somehow, to have nothing to do with the rest of him, grows a paunch like an Opper cartoon of the trusts. It seems, at its highest rise, to curve above the horizontal line, and just at that point blazes a two-carat diamond stud. His broad, good-humored face somehow escapes flabbiness. The eyes are small and overlaid with flesh, but they burn keen. The mouth is wide, irregular, and pale, but it shuts like a trap. There are, too, unexpected refinements, such as a pointed chin and the round, low, comely forehead which goes with imagination. One does not get these points at first sight, however. On a glance, it is all Prince-of-good-fellows, Elks-and-Eagles fatness.

The Mayor released my hand and spoke.

"Jimmy, give everybody a drink," he said.

"A drink! A drink! A drink!" bawled his henchmen in unison, rattling their glasses on the tables. He who had been drinking whisky broke his and called out loudly for another.



"His Honor, the Mayor of Chicago"

By WILL IRWIN

Johnnie Murphy rose, took two or three nervous steps and hesitated. His honor, a foot on the rail, spat accurately into the nearest cuspidor and laughed until his diamond stud danced.

"He's afraid my chief will raid the place," said his honor when he had control of his voice. "Funny, huh? Raid the place and git the Mayor! It ain't often the boys are as frisky as this. Generally, it's the quietest place in the ward. No, you don't—" for some one was trying to pay for the second round of drinks. "My money's the only money that's good here to-night. Jimmy, that goes on my score—"

One of the troubadours had got up from the table and started toward the bar. His honor caught him in a half embrace and brought down one bediamonded hand on his chest.

"Bill," said the First Citizen of Chicago, "Bill, you're a lemon!" At this Bill laughed, and everybody laughed, Mayor Busse the loudest of all. "You're a lemon," he repeated when he could get his voice. Then the saloon troubadours rattled their glasses on the table again, and Johnnie Murphy got up, looking nervous, and the Mayor had another laugh to think how astonished the police would be if they should raid the place.

A small weasel of a man, whose face showed that appearance of moral dirt which goes with cheap politics, had been working toward the Mayor all this time. And after Bill had gone back to the table for the fourth round of drinks, the weasel caught the Mayor's ear. They edged away from the bar; the weasel upturned his face and whispered something. The Mayor answered him aloud.

"No! I tell you no! I've got two hundred applications for that job."

The weasel whispered again.

"Makes no difference. I don't appoint no stiffs," said the First Citizen. And, by a motion of his left hand, he caused Jimmy to set up more drinks. As before, the Mayor took a small beer. The troubadours by the stove droned out the last staves of "My Wild Irish Rose"; in the comparative silence that followed, Johnnie Murphy approached the bar. The Mayor threw an arm over his shoulder. Johnnie Murphy blinked and his knees sagged.

"Hello, Johnnie," said the Mayor. "Best old friend I've got in the ward. My ward. I was brought up here. It's the greatest old ward in Chicago, ain't it, Johnnie? Common coal-heavers like us at one end, and Mrs. Potter Palmer's castle at the other. Born here, raised here, educated here—"

"You ought to get married here, too," suggested Johnnie.

"Ah, cut that out! I've got troubles enough of my

own," said the Mayor. This being another joke, every one laughed again. The troubadours awoke with a start and cried in unison: "A drink! A drink!" The man who had been drinking whisky beat with his glass and said: "Goo' ol' Fred Busse!" and the worried look returned to the face of Johnnie Murphy.

The Mayor pointed a sly finger at the proprietor, and the diamond stud danced again.

"It's great!" he said. "The quietest place in the ward on the frisk because the Mayor has come!"

That is all I remember in detail of his honor's conversation. For half an hour he reigned, his foot on the bar rail. He exchanged the small talk of the neighborhood; he repelled three attacks by the weasel, who had come back unabashed; he called up the drinks with regularity.

The tall, suave young attorney who was just then head of the Kitchen Cabinet dropped in from a cab at about one o'clock.

"Going home with you, Jake," announced the Mayor. "Whistle blows at seven. Me to the hay." He unwrapped a fifty-dollar bill from his roll and flicked it over to Jimmy the bartender, scooped up the change without looking at it and was gone through the door.

The head of the Kitchen Cabinet lingered to get a cigar.

"Fred's been working pretty hard with those School Board appointments," he remarked by way of small talk. "He's had four hundred applicants—and he's picked the best School Board we ever had. He's just out to-night for a little recreation."

That was it—his drama, music, and grand opera; his chess, gardening, and society; athletics, novels, and hobbies; his spring meadows and autumn woods—his recreation. He was enjoying himself, on his night off, after his own fashion. It was his way—the best way he knew.

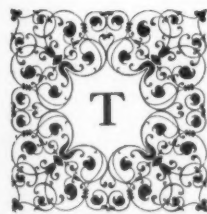
The Millions



of Harry Melville

A Weird, Wild Night in the Wilderness

By JAMES HOPPER



THIS is to tell how Harry Melville of Goldfield, Tonopah, Rhyolite, and Green Monster came to his millions. He is the richest man of the new Nevada mining camps.

On the evening of June 16, 1906, Harry Melville was the owner of one of Goldfield's snuggest little saloons. It must be said, to be just, that saloon-keeping, in Goldfield, involves no moral turpitude. In fact, Harry was the idol of the camp: young, tall, slight, with gray eyes soft as his voice, and the captain of the baseball nine, the duties of which position he performed (this is the verdict of Goldfield maidens) most "devinely." It will right him entirely to add that, on the evening of June 16, 1906, he detested his profession most thoroughly. At eight o'clock, a big, red-faced, swaggering fellow for whom Harry had no love had come into Harry's little den and, with a careless flip, had thrown a twenty-dollar gold piece upon No. 23 of Harry's roulette table. At ten o'clock the same red-faced, swaggering fellow, still unbeloved of Harry, had pivoted upon his heel and left Harry's table with \$4,765.25—exactly what Harry had made in the eight months that he had been in Goldfield, and exactly what he was worth in ready money. At this, certain dregs of Puritanism left at the bottom of Harry's soul by his *Mayflower* ancestors had risen to his lips in disgust of the whole business; so, leaving his place, with its glittering mirrors, its polished counter, its cheerful clickey-click of chips, to the care of his helper, he had gone to his adobe cabin, and, throwing himself upon his cot, had straightway put body and conscience to sleep.

He dreamed—and, of course, his dreams were of gold. It is always of what you haven't that you dream. He

dreamed that he heard up the slope a stamp-mill pounding out gold. "Poom-poom-poom," it went, "poom-poom-poom, poom-poom-poom"—and through a wide door in the side of the mill a stream of nuggets avalanched down the hill upon the cabin, went through the roof as through tissue-paper, and heaped upon his knees. "Poom-poom-poom, poom-poom-poom," went the stamps, with a heavy regularity that bespoke an intent never to stop—and through the hole in the roof the gold streamed. When the glittering pyramid had reached his chin, Harry awoke. It was not that he had had enough; he was, in fact, willing to be entirely submerged. He awoke because his dream showed a disregard for Truth, to which that troublesome strain of the Puritanical still in him refused to be a party. He remembered that in Goldfield there were no stamp-mills, that here gold was taken out in chunks, like cheese.

But as he now sat up, wide-awake, upon his creaking couch, the sound refused to cease; it continued, if anything, louder and nearer than before. "Poom-poom-poom, poom-poom-poom," it went—but there was no shower of gold. Reflecting that he might just as well have let things be, Harry was on the point of tumbling back upon his pillow, when his eyes fell upon the door. It was vibrating in violent spasms that threw it almost out of its hinges. "Gee," said Harry; "it's some geezer knocking."

He went across the floor, sprung back the bolt, and, drawing the door carefully toward him, poked his nose out through the crack. A man was standing there, a little man, so little, so shriveled, with such a humble crook to his neck, that Harry was astonished. He could not see, for the life of him, whence came the furious energy that had almost caved-in his door. "Well, what is it?" he asked, only a little more gruffly than if the man had been as big as he expected him to be.

"You are wanted outside," said the little man, with a respect more professional than spontaneous.

"Well, all right," said Harry, making a movement for the outside. But the little man put up both his hands before him and held Harry back. "It's a lady that wants you, sir," he said.

"Well, then, let me out," said Harry, trying to look as if it were quite the usual thing for him to be awakened near midnight by an impatient lady, and bluffing another effort for the open.

But the little man, with both hands pressed gently upon Harry's stomach, still leaned forward like a full-back bucking the line. "Sh-sh-sh," he hissed, and then, a little reproachfully, "you are not properly clad, sir," he said.

Harry looked down along himself, caught a glimpse of the vertical stripes of his pajamas, and retreated within the cabin. To show his perfect ease he began a precipitous and ineffective scratching of matches. "Come in," he shouted hospitably as he scratched. But his invitation had been anticipated. He felt a presence at his elbow, a match crackled, and the lamp began to glow. The little man replaced the chimney, threw the charred butt of the match carefully into the cuspidor, and, suiting the action to the words, "Here's your shirt, sir," he said.

Harry took the garment, and as he dressed he examined the little man. He had a big baby head, with a slight foam of down upon it, and a face all wrinkled, with dark pockets under the eyes that told of furtive orgies. The face seemed too heavy for the thin neck, so that it leaned continually toward the right shoulder in an expression of unmerited suffering and discreet reproach. He seemed to be saying to life: "Well, that's about all one can expect of an ill-bred person like you, and I refuse to resent it." Harry, to whom a two years' stay in New York had been fruitful of man-

knowledge, placed him after a moment. "Looks like a valley," he said to himself. (Harry meant "valet".)

Meanwhile, he was being dressed. From the file of deflated coats and trousers hanging by nails along the wall above a line of boots, shoes, and slippers, the little man was discerningly choosing, and, without noticing it, Harry was putting on garments other than those cast off on his chair an hour before. When, with an almost gay final flourish, the little man crunched a leather cap upon his head, to his surprise he found himself clad in corduroys, high boots, woolen shirt, and even with the fleece-lined canvas overjacket which he wore on rough dashes to new "strikes." He had not time to protest, however. Very politely but firmly the little man, saying: "Come on, sir; there is no time to lose," took him by the arm, led him out, closed the door upon his back, locked it, gave him the key (he had found it hanging from a nail), took the lead down the street for a few steps, plunged at right angles into a narrow alley, and brought him up sharply before a long black thing that crouched in the shadow like a plesiosaurus at rest.

"What the devil—" began Harry, then stopped short.

For suddenly, as if mistaking this vague statement for an order, the thing took life. Its pent-up breath went out in a series of explosions; it jumped up and down in its tracks as if it had St. Vitus's dance; a sound that began like the purr of a caressed cat rose in a rapid crescendo till the sound was beyond the attuned limits of the ear. "An auto!" thought Harry. The door of the tonneau flew open, and a firm hand, upon the small of his back, urged him in. He placed his foot upon the vibrating step, and then drew back in awe. In the depths of the tonneau a vague feminine form lurked. But the insistent hand upon his back was still pressing. He entered, sank upon the cushion, as far as possible from his new companion, the door clicked shut, the little man leaped up by the chauffeur, the latter bent forward, there was a volley of explosions as from ten Gatlings, the machine sprang ahead, the explosions coalesced into a long elastic whirr, and they slid out through the streets, past flaring rectangles of light and tinkle-tinkles of broken-down pianos, and then on into the dark-blue serenity of the open country.

For a long time Harry sat very stiff, looking straight before him. At first he did not see anything, the tumult within his chest seemingly affecting his eyes. Then after a while he saw the little man who had awakened him, sitting straight in the seat before him, rigid-eyed, like a well-styled groom on the box of a hansom. By the side of the little man, the chauffeur, a long, thin fellow, his back humped over the steering wheel, his neck stretching forward like that of a bird in flight, cut the atmosphere with his lean hooked nose as with a prow; a black mustache divided his face horizontally, a little goatee, tough and sharp as if of cast-iron, wiggled on his chin, and his goggles glowed with a malignant green light. "Looks like the guy in 'Faust,'" thought Harry, and the idea held something alarming.

Then, relaxing a bit, Harry became aware of the beauty of the night. It was a beautiful night. Upon the purple plush of the sky, the stars, like jewels, rolled out by the free wide gesture of a divine sower, flamed iridescently. Over a ridge to the right the moon leered with round red face; it rose, disengaged itself from the baser airs, lacquered itself in gold, and along the flatness of the land there flowed a vague blue shimmer. The machine hummed softly; it rose and fell in long undulations, like a ship gliding over a lazily heaving sea. At times from the pearly profundity ahead there came a sigh, the breath of the desert, warm, scented, promising—and the machine leaped forward, vibrant-veined like a horse. It was no longer a mere fabric of steel; it had life. This Harry knew, and, strangely, he could have shouted with pleasure at the knowledge.

And then upon Harry's consciousness something more personal, more aggressive, it might be called, impinged itself. He felt the Presence at his side, at first faintly, then, by a strange phenomenon that projected, as it were, his area of sensibility beyond himself, more plainly—a vague warmth, an impalpable suavity. At times this singular faculty of self-projection was not necessary; the machine struck a rough place, a series of lurches danced the Presence up to him, an ineffable and fragrant whisp whipped across his eyes and, blinded, charmed, and awed, he cowered deep into his corner. But right away the more ethereal manifestation recommenced; a gentleness crept about him like an incorporeal embrace, entered his heart—

And finally Harry turned square and looked upon

her. She was reclining against the cushions far in the opposite corner, and was gazing straight ahead (an illogical dissatisfaction seized him as he made sure of this fact). A cloak of soft furry substance enveloped her. Out of its high collar her head emerged like that of a sleepy bird, and her face was within the mystery of a veil. Above, a white plume stuck in a toque swept around from the brow, over the right ear, drooping to the neck behind. Something was beneath her feet, raising her knees, the right above the left; her hands, in a muff, lay upon them—and the posture, the furry garment, gave her an air adorably cuddlesome and downy. "Just like a kitten," said Harry to himself; "just like a cute little Maltese kitten"—and a tenderness whelmed him.

But a slight movement of the head within the chalice-shaped collar sent him back in panic to other contemplations. They were humming over the desert, which arched its back before them as if with the rotundity of the earth itself. The moon made of the road an azure river in which the machine swam to the hubs.



"Here's your shirt, sir"

Low on the horizon ahead, Orion, with flaming scabbard, stalked across the sky. The machine buzzed; at times the flaps covering the cylinders in front rose in absurd, half-rhythmical flutterings with the friction of the air, and it seemed to fly on extended wings.

Feeling that his successful struggle against temptation had earned him a reward, Harry, after a while, risked another glance toward his little muffled companion. And even as he looked she leaned forward; her muff went upon the seat-back before her; her chin went upon the muff, right behind the chauffeur, and almost in that lucky individual's neck: "V-veet, ploovet!" she whispered.

At least, that is the way that Harry would have spelled it if asked to. As a matter of fact, she had said: "Vite, plus vite!"—but Harry did not know the language of ambassadors and chauffeurs. At the words, the automobile seemed to crouch. "Veet, ploovet," she repeated—and the automobile shot out like an arrow from a bow. She was leaning forward now, her chin upon her muff, and at intervals there came from her lips (Harry could imagine the charming pucker of them within the veil) the little whip-like phrase with its long-drawn "V", like a soft whistle, followed by the explosive "eet," like the chirrup of a bird. "V-v-v-veet, ploov v-v-veet"—and the machine sized; the steel flaps spread out like wings and it flew in parabolas. After a while Harry discovered the cause of this anxiety. Far before them on the road, a shimmering cloud in the milky haze of the moon-streaming night, the dust of a rival machine rose.

They neared it little by little. It enlarged, took shape. Its white tonneau glistened; the hot malodorous breath of its escape panted in their face. It was riding wildly, swaying from side to side; the pursuing machine, purring gently, glided up to it. Then the two were riding as if tandem. Harry could see the four men in it bending forward, the two in the rear with teeth crunched into smoldering cigars. He shouted; the two men turned, and almost in his face they laughed.

They held the advantage. The road, sunk deep, and stretching like a long scar across the face of the plateau, was wide enough only for one; on both sides it was bordered by boulders and hummocks of sage and

mesquite. By keeping to the centre and zigzagging slightly at the wider places, they were as a mobile barricade. Harry, now possessed of a blind loyalty to the obscure enterprise, swore a mouth-crowding desert oath under his breath.

But the little woman by his side merely murmured a short phrase in her muff. The chauffeur nodded, his teeth glittered in a diabolical grin, and with a movement of his shoulders he threw the steering wheel sharply to the right. Harry suddenly rose up in the air.

For a moment he had of the machine beneath him a vivid bird's-eye view, then he descended back upon it. But the seat was no longer the softly vibrating cushion to which he had become accustomed during the last hour. It was a bucking broncho now. Up it came, stiff-backed, just as he met it, and he was thrown forward. He clutched the front seat, but immediately he was jerked away and banged up against the door to his left; he seized that—and, his arms almost out of their sockets, found himself clear across on the other

side. He tried to stand; a hand heavy as lead placed itself upon his head and with a calm, irresistible pressure bore him down.

Then, just as he was becoming resigned to this position, an invisible but energetic foot kicked him up

again. Awed, he lay down; for a while he swished to and fro at the bottom of the tonneau as if in the deck-wash of a ship on its beam ends; and then like music there came again to his ear the smooth purr of the machine, and they were floating as if upon a sea of oil.

When he got up, he found, to his stupefaction, that his companion was curled up in her corner as if she had never left it. He looked behind, and back along the road, the white automobile was disappearing in a cloud of dust. From it, in a clear high tenor, a single parting malediction floated to them—and then it dropped off into the shimmering night.

The road stretched ahead like a golden ribbon which the machine wound up within itself indefinitely. At

times it lengthened over the desert in long zigzags; the machine swept into each with a swerve so imperceptible that it seemed not they who were thus tacking over the face of the earth, but the moon to the right which was swinging across the sky like a great censer. Lulled by the soft rush of air, Harry closed his eyes. A torpor, sweet with a vague sense of companionship, stole over him.

But soon a fluid of excitement emanating from those about him straightened him up, wide awake. A few hundred yards ahead was another automobile, a red monster filled with men. In a series of elastic leaps the machine devoured the distance between, and the two were whirling along as if tied. Harry, preparing for another excursion into the brush, anchored himself mightily with both hands to his seat.

But the expected convulsion did not come. The chauffeur seemed content to trail lazily after the obstructing car. He even fell away till a hundred feet behind. Then after a while he slowly closed the gap, and with a finishing little jump gently poked the sharp nose of his machine against the red tonneau.

The red machine careened, angry cries rose from it. The black machine fell back. It meandered along the road negligently, then it gathered speed and again, with a smooth piston-like movement, it jabbed the red machine, raising it clear off its hind wheels.

A roar rose to heaven; clenched fists protruded over the back of the tonneau. The chauffeur smiled; his long, sharp nose hooked down to the centre of his mustache. He let the machine run by its own momentum till far behind, and then, suddenly, he shot it forward at full speed.

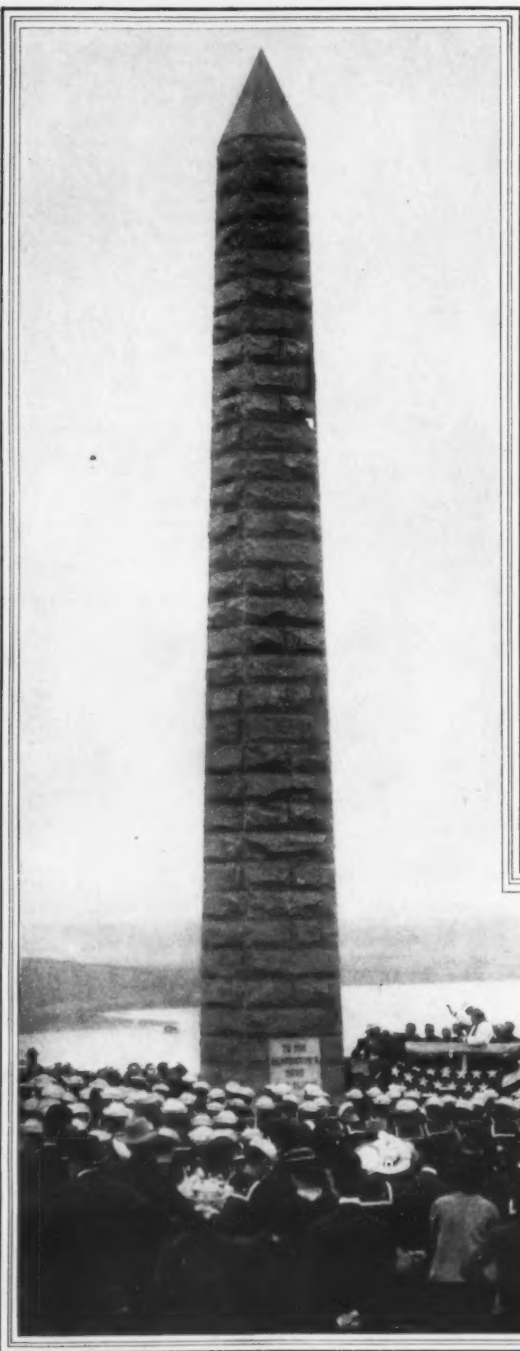
Upon the slower car, which seemed to stand still, it bore down like the nucleus of a cyclone. It came with a smooth, irresistible advance, swinging slightly from side to side like a pacing elephant, its trumpet a-blaire. "My God, my God!" murmured Harry. His eyes closed; his body stiffened with the imminence of the shock.

But there was no shock. The red machine slowed, its brakes sang. It turned to the left, rumbled clumsily into the brush, bringing up nose to nose with a big boulder—and the black catapult roared by, a flame of imprecation licking out at it like the last effort of a forest fire at an escaping train. "Gee!" said Harry, sponging his brow. Then after a minute, an immense indignation seizing him; "You're a lot of pikers," he shouted over the back seat to the red dot in the sage. "Can't you see there's a lady in the car?"

15



Officers in attendance at the National Guard Convention, Faneuil Hall, Boston, January 14. Assistant Secretary of War Oliver in the front row, fifth from left



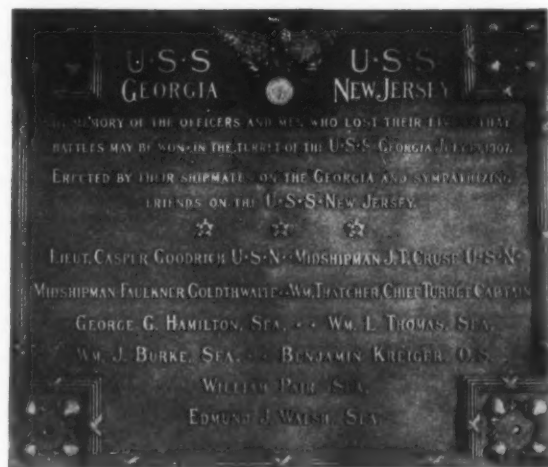
The dedication, on January 7, of the monument at San Diego, Cal., to the sixty-six victims of the boiler explosion on the gunboat "Bennington" on July 21, 1905



Gutzon Borglum's statue of General Phil. Sheridan

General Sheridan's Statue

THE statue of General Phil. Sheridan, modeled by Gutzon Borglum, and intended for Sheridan Circle, Twenty-second Street and Massachusetts Avenue, Washington, has been approved by the President, Mrs. Sheridan, and the Statue Commission, Secretary Taft, General H. C. Corbin, and General Michael Sheridan, and will be dedicated in October. The statue of the great cavalry leader in the act of reining in his horse and saluting his men will face Dupont Circle. The pedestal will be broad and low, twenty-three feet by thirty-one feet in area, and it will be raised only four feet from the ground. Niches for fountains will break the rectangular outline of the pedestal. In 1889 Congress voted \$50,000 for the erection of the memorial, and a commission composed of Charles F. McKim, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, and F. D. Millet was created to secure a satisfactory equestrian statue. This commission rejected two models before accepting Mr. Borglum's



A tablet for Bancroft Hall, Annapolis, in memory of the victims of the accident in the "Georgia's" turret

Guardsmen in Convention; and Three Memorials

What the World is Doing

A Record of Current Events

Edited by

SAMUEL E. MOFFETT



After the Harriman Trust

THE Government has at last begun its long-threatened suit to dissolve the combination of the Harriman railroads. There can be no doubt that the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific are two lines that might naturally be expected to compete, if railroad competition is ever a thing to be expected. In this case, however, there are complications which go back far beyond the time of Mr. Harriman, and which give him a better excuse for consolidating these roads than he has had for some of his other financial operations. The Union Pacific and the Central Pacific formed the original transcontinental line—the only one there was. They belonged to two entirely separate companies, but they were in no sense competitive. They formed one continuous route, each half of which was useless without the other.

As long as the Central-Union Pacific remained the only transcontinental route, the inconveniences of divided ownership were not severely felt. But in due time the Huntington-Stanford-Crocker combination which owned the Central Pacific used its profits from that road to build a through line of its own, the Southern Pacific, and the Southern Pacific tail was soon wagging the Central Pacific dog. Huntington and Stanford began systematically to starve the Central Pacific, which was now run as a mere subsidiary company of the Southern Pacific. They diverted as much traffic as possible to the new route, whose profits were all their own. Of course, this was disastrous to the Union Pacific. It was one of the things chiefly responsible for putting that road into the hands of a receiver. It could not be really secure until it had acquired the Central Pacific. The fact that in doing this it had to take in the Southern Pacific as well furnished the foundation for the Government's present suit.

Looking Toward Independence

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has definitely set up Philippine independence, or at least the liberty of the Filipinos to determine whether they shall be independent or not, as the goal of our efforts in the islands. In transmitting to Congress an elaborate report by Secretary Taft upon the state of our Asiatic colony, he observes that when the islanders have become fit for self-government it will be their duty to decide "whether this self-government shall be accompanied by complete independence." But he thinks that they have yet a long way to travel before they come to that stage, and that "it will probably be a generation, it may even be longer, before this point is reached." Still he considers the end desirable, and hopes that it will be reached as soon as possible, "for the sake of the Filipinos and for our own sake." He is not restrained by false modesty from rendering a due meed of praise to the work of our government in the islands. He frankly admits that "no great civilized power has ever managed with such wisdom and disinterestedness the affairs of a people committed by the accident of war to its hands," and questions whether, "save only our attitude toward Cuba," "there is a brighter page in the annals of international dealing between the strong and the weak than the page which tells of our doings in the Philippines."

Secretary Taft's report, which the President introduces with an unreserved indorsement, looks toward independence as the ultimate destiny of the Philippines. According to Mr. Taft that has been the consistent aim of our policy for the past seven years, under McKinley and Roosevelt alike. Nevertheless, "if both the United States and the islands

were to conclude after complete self-government were possible that it would be mutually beneficial to continue a governmental relation between them like that between England and Australia, there would be nothing inconsistent with the present policy in such a result." Mr. Taft thinks that complete self-government can not come until at least one generation has been subjected to the process of primary and industrial education, so that the people, as a whole, and not a small class alone, may be qualified to protect their own interests. When that time comes "English will be the language of the islands, and we can be reasonably certain that a great majority of those living there will not only speak and read and write English, but will be affected by the knowledge of free institutions and will be able to understand their rights as members of the community, and to seek to enforce them against the pernicious system of caciquism and local bossism."

To disarm the opposition of the American beet sugar and tobacco interests Mr. Taft has modified his demand for free trade between the Philippines and the United States. He is willing now to accept a limitation on the quantity of sugar and tobacco to be admitted into the United States free of duty, on the theory that no great development of the Philippine sugar and tobacco industries is to be expected. He believes that the laws which check the investment of capital in mines and lands should be repealed, and he urges the abandonment of the futile and harmful attempt to confine our trade with the Philippines to American ships after next year.

Japan's Friendly Policy

THE Japanese Government, which has succeeded in beating off a formidable combination of enemies in the Diet, escaping a vote of censure by the narrow majority of nine, has shown such an earnest desire to remove outstanding causes of friction with the United States that the immigration question may be regarded as settled. There are four principal ways in which Japanese laborers have entered the United States—by passports for direct immigration, and by circuitous travel through Hawaii, Canada, and Mexico. Japan has undertaken to cut all these off. Passports are not to be granted to such emigrants for direct voyages to the continental United States; no laborers are allowed to go to Hawaii except those returning and those with near relatives in the islands; an agreement with the Canadian Government cuts off the stream to Canada, and emigration to Mexico is to be prohibited. This vigorous action ought to silence all expressions of distrust of the good faith of the Japanese Government. If the question had been left to the two Governments concerned, the regulation of immigration would never have caused any trouble between Japan and the United States.

Another Labor Law Killed

BY a decision handed down on January 27, the Supreme Court of the United States made the question of labor legislation a burning one for statesmen with political aspirations. The court held that the tenth section of the Erdman act, under which some hopeful steps had been taken toward the settlement of trades disputes, was unconstitutional. This section forbade common carriers to discharge or discriminate against any of their employees on the ground of membership in a labor union. According to the court's decision a man may refuse to work with another who does not belong to a union, and an employer may refuse to hire one who does belong to a union. Both cases stand on the same footing, and in each complete liberty of action, regardless of the wisdom of its exercise, is an absolute constitutional right.

Where Fires Are Scarce

AN American fire that causes a loss of less than a million dollars is hardly worth an item in the telegraphic news. The Parker Building blaze in New York, which swallowed several millions, attracted some general attention simply because it also cost several lives, and because it inconvenienced several hundred thousand people by tying up Subway and surface cars. It is with envy, therefore, almost tinged with incredulity, that we read the record of British fires for the year 1907. In the entire United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland there was not a single fire in that whole year that caused a loss of over \$400,000, and there was only one that went above \$300,000, and one more that exceeded \$250,000. There were only thirty-five in which the losses went above \$50,000 each, and not more than six of those came in any one month. In the most disastrous month of all the total fire loss for the three kingdoms in conflagrations of the \$50,000 class and upward amounted to \$780,000. There were three months, in each of which only one serious fire occurred in the British Islands, and in two of these the loss was only \$50,000 apiece. For the entire year the combined losses in all the thirty-five fires of consequence was \$3,785,000, or just about the amount burned in the Parker Building in New York alone.

Americans boast that their fire departments are the finest in the world, but there is less to boast of in the fact that such fine departments are needed, and that with all their skill and all their perfection of appliances (not meaning New York's rotten hose), they are unable to prevent losses in single catastrophes that balance the entire destruction in a great foreign country in a year. If a fraction of our annual fire loss, not to speak of our payments for protection that does not protect, were devoted to the construction of really fireproof buildings, a great conflagration might eventually be as rare a spectacle here as it is abroad and most of our insurance premiums could be devoted to other uses.

Railroad Death Rates Growing


THE fact that the Interstate Commerce Commission's returns of railroad accidents for the three months ending with September, 1907, show a great increase over the appalling figures of deaths and maimings in previous quarters is a matter of painful interest in itself, but a much more significant point is the record of causes of some of the accidents. In one collision between two freight trains, which happily caused no loss of life, an engineer was asleep, after staying on duty for seventeen hours, and passed an automatic block signal set against him, as well as a flagman. In another, in which three men were injured, a sleeping engineer approached a station at an uncontrollable speed at two o'clock in the morning and smashed into the rear of another train. In another, an engineer, on duty for seventeen hours out of the previous nineteen, dropped asleep, passed an automatic block signal set against him, and a flagman, and plunged into the rear of another train. Luckily both trains happened to be freights, so that only two men were hurt that time. In still another case an operator, in service for a month, accepted a meeting order for a train that had gone by him in his sleep. There was a head-on collision in which four men were killed and five wounded.

Now it happens that the last Congress passed the La Follette Hours of Labor law for the express purpose of preventing just such accidents as these. It forbids any trainman to work over sixteen hours out of any twenty-four, and limits train despatchers and operators to nine hours. Technically the roads which have allowed their engineers to fall asleep in their cabs and run past danger signals after



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seventeen hours of continuous service are not violating the law, because it is not to go into effect until March 4 of this year. But at least they are furnishing ample proof of its necessity. The freight cars that were smashed by sleeping engineers might just as easily have been passenger cars packed with women and children. If they had been, the companies might have wished they had done voluntarily what the law aims to make them do.

Standard Oil's Latest

An advertising campaign against the Government

THE Standard Oil Company has been deeply stirred by the statement which Mr. Herbert Knox Smith, the Commissioner of Corporations, prepared some weeks ago by direction of Secretary Straus in answer to the Standard's protest against the fine imposed by Judge Landis. In a new argument, first printed in the "Railway World," and since widely circulated as an advertisement, the corporation has undertaken to crush Mr. Smith. Its chief point is the one it depended upon in the trial, namely that the six cent secret rate it received from the Chicago and Alton could not have been an unfair discrimination in its favor since there was in existence at the same time an open, legally filed rate of six and a quarter cents over the Chicago and Eastern Illinois. According to Mr. Smith this alleged open rate was "an additional wrong in itself," being "quite as secret as the Alton rate," and "merely one more instance of the ingenious and deliberate attempts of the Standard to evade, or violate with impunity, the whole spirit of the antidiscrimination law." It was filed in the form of "a single mimeograph sheet, stating that the rate on oil from Dolton, Illinois, to East St. Louis was six and a quarter cents per hundred pounds," and there was "no evidence that this sheet was ever distributed to any shipper except the Standard Oil Company." But the independent shippers did get a conspicuously printed class tariff, showing, like that of the Alton, a general rate of eighteen cents on a group of commodities including oil.

The Standard's latest advertisement maintains warmly that independent shippers could have found out about the six and a quarter cent rate on the Chicago and Eastern Illinois. But it does not offer to explain the curious facts presented by Mr. Smith that every waybill for oil shipped over the Alton at the cheap rate was "falsely billed" at eighteen cents while the charge actually collected from the Standard was only six cents, that in the contemporaneous shipments of the Standard over the Chicago and Eastern Illinois every waybill was disguised by being "blind billed," that no such falsifying and blind billing were found in other cases, and that instead of following the usual method of collecting freight charges through the local freight agents the railroads settled privately with the Standard through their general offices.

Rebuilding Valparaiso

Discouraging work without help from insurance

THE work of rebuilding San Francisco has gone on under the eyes of the world, but little has been heard in this region of the state of things in Valparaiso, which suffered a disaster like San Francisco's in the same year. Consul Alfred A. Winslow has furnished some interesting information on this subject.

The loss at Valparaiso was from \$100,000,000 to \$150,000,000—probably nearer the smaller than the larger figure. Of this at least a quarter was caused by fires in the six days after the earthquake. Instead of collecting \$180,000,000 of insurance as San Francisco did, the Chilean town had only \$10,612,500 of insurance outstanding, of which it was able to cash only a small fraction. Of the whole amount of insurance in force at the time of the disaster a little over half was carried by foreign and a little less than half by Chilean companies. All the companies settled the fire losses of the last two days, which happened after all the fires immediately following the earthquake had been out for twenty-four hours, on a basis of from thirty to seventy-five per cent. But the foreign companies refused to pay a cent for any loss that occurred within three days after the shocks and the Chilean companies compromised such claims at from ten to fifty per cent. The foreign companies have successfully resisted every attempt in the Chilean courts to make them pay up. No American company is doing business in Chile.

Apart from the reconstruction of the public buildings and the widening and straightening of certain streets all the work of rebuilding has had to be done by private proprietors, without any help from the Government or even from concerted efforts to obtain credit, and with hardly any from insurance. Naturally progress has been slow. Only a small part of the rubbish has been cleared away, and business has been going on in temporary quarters, including such wrecked buildings as could be made habitable. Wages have doubled, but otherwise there have been no labor troubles to interfere with rebuilding. The larger buildings under construction are mostly of steel and cement, but much time is lost by the lack of steel parts ready for erection, such as might easily be shipped from the United States. The bars are cut to lengths and holes are drilled on the spot. While a steel frame in New York or Chicago can be run up thirty stories in a summer a force of men has been working with all its might on a steel construction building in Valparaiso for a year, and has just reached the second story.

Our Shipping Industry

Still far behind Britain's, but gaining

ALTHOUGH Great Britain built nearly four times as many tons of shipping in 1907 as the United States, her construction was on a declining scale while the American output was increasing. The British output of 1,742,365 tons was less by 220,200 tons than that of 1906. The American output of 471,332 tons exceeded that of 1906 by 52,587.

Of course, the American activity is mostly in the coasting trade, especially on the Great Lakes. Cleveland is our chief ship-building centre, and we are building more on the lakes than on all our seacoasts and rivers com-

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Commissioner Smith vs. The Standard Oil Co.

From the Railway World, January 3, 1908

Mr. Herbert Knox Smith, whose zeal in the cause of economic reform has been in no wise abated by the panic which he and his kind did so much to bring on, is out with an answer to President Moffett, of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana. The publication of this answer, it is officially given out, was delayed several weeks, "for business reasons," because it was not deemed advisable to further excite the public mind, which was profoundly disturbed by the crisis. Now that the storm clouds have rolled by, however, the Commissioner rushes again into the fray.

Our readers remember that the chief points in the defense of the Standard Oil Company, as presented by President Moffett, were, (1) that the rate of six cents on oil from Whiting to East St. Louis has been issued to the Standard Oil Company as the lawful rate by employees of the Alton, (2) that the 18-cent rate on file with the Interstate Commerce Commission was a class and not a commodity rate, never being intended to apply to oil, (3) that oil was shipped in large quantities between Whiting and East St. Louis over the Chicago and Eastern Illinois at six and one-fourth cents per hundred pounds, which has been filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission as the lawful rate, and (4) that the 18-cent rate on oil was entirely out of proportion to lawful rates on other commodities between these points of a similar character, and of greater value, such, for example, as linseed oil, the lawful rate on which was eight cents. President Moffett also stated that thousands of tons of freight had been sent by other shippers between these points under substantially the same conditions as governed the shipments of the Standard Oil Company.

This defense of the Standard Oil Company was widely quoted and has undoubtedly exerted a powerful influence upon the public mind. Naturally the Administration, which has staked the success of its campaign against the "trusts" upon the result of its attack upon this company, endeavors to offset this influence, and hence the new deliverance of Commissioner Smith.

We need hardly to point out that his rebuttal argument is extremely weak, although as strong, no doubt, as the circumstances would warrant. He answers the points made by President Moffett substantially as follows: (1) The Standard Oil Company had a traffic department, and should have known that the six-cent rate had not been filed, (2) no answer, (3) the Chicago and Eastern Illinois rate was a secret rate because it read, not from Whiting, but from Dolton, which is described as "a village of about 1,500 population just outside of Chicago." Its only claim to note is that it has been for many years the point of origin for this and similar secret rates." The Commissioner admits in describing this rate that there was a note attached stating that the rate could also be used from Whiting.

The press has quite generally hailed this statement of the Commissioner of Corporations as a conclusive refutation of what is evidently recognized as the strongest rebuttal argument advanced by the Standard.

In fact, it is as weak and inconclusive as the remainder of his argument. The lines of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois

do not run into Chicago. They terminate at Dolton, from which point entrance is made over the Belt Line. Whiting, where the oil freight originates, is not on the lines of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois, which receives its Whiting freight from the Belt Line at Dolton. The former practice, now discontinued, in filing tariffs was to make them read from a point on the line of the filing road, and it was also general to state on the same sheet, that the tariff would apply to other points, e.g., Whiting. The Chicago and Eastern Illinois followed this practice in filing its rate from Dolton, and making a note on the sheet that it applied to Whiting. This was in 1895 when this method of filing tariffs was in common use.

Now let us see in what way the intending shipper of oil could be misled and deceived by the fact that the Chicago and Eastern Illinois had not filed a rate reading from Whiting. Commissioner Smith contends that "concealment is the only motive for such a circuitous arrangement," i. e., that this method of filing the rate was intended to mislead intending competitors of the Standard Oil Company. Suppose such a prospective oil refiner had applied to the Interstate Commerce Commission for the rate from Chicago to East St. Louis over the Chicago and Eastern Illinois, he would have been informed that the only rate filed with the commission by this company was 6¼ cents from Dolton, and he would have been further informed, if indeed he did not know this already, that this rate applied throughout Chicago territory. So that whether he wished to locate his plant at Whiting, or anywhere else about Chicago, under an arrangement of long standing, and which applies to all the industrial towns in the neighborhood of Chicago, he could have his freight delivered over the Belt Line to the Chicago and Eastern Illinois at Dolton and transported to East St. Louis at a rate of 6¼ cents. Where then is the concealment which the Commissioner of Corporations makes so much of? Any rate—from Dolton on the Eastern Illinois or Chappell on the Alton, or Harvey on the Illinois Central, or Blue Island on the Rock Island, applies throughout Chicago territory to shipments from Whiting, as to shipments from any other point in the district. So far from the Eastern Illinois filing its rate from Dolton in order to deceive the shipper, it is the Commissioner of Corporations who either betrays his gross ignorance of transportation customs in Chicago territory or relies on the public ignorance of these customs to deceive the public too apt to accept unquestioningly every statement made by a Government official as necessarily true, although, as in the present instance, a careful examination shows these statements to be false.

The final point made by President Moffett that other commodities of a character similar to oil were carried at much lower rates than 18 cents, the Commissioner of Corporations discusses only with the remark that "the 'reasonableness' of this rate is not in question. The question is whether this rate constituted a discrimination as against other shippers of oil," and he also makes much of the failure of President Moffett to produce before the grand jury evidence of the alleged illegal

acts of which the Standard Oil official said that other large shippers in the territory had been guilty. Considering the fact that these shippers included the packers and elevator men of Chicago the action of the grand jury in calling upon President Moffett to furnish evidence of their wrongdoing may be interpreted as a demand for an elaboration of the obvious; but the fact that a rate-book containing these freight rates for other shippers was offered in evidence during the trial and ruled out by Judge Landis, was kept out of sight. President Moffett would not, of course, accept the invitation of the grand jury, although he might have been pardoned if he had referred them to various official investigations by the Interstate Commerce Commission and other departments of the Government.

We come back, therefore, to the conclusion of the whole matter, which is that the Standard Oil Company of Indiana was fined an amount equal to seven or eight times the value of its entire property, because its traffic department did not verify the statement of the Alton rate clerk, that the six-cent commodity rate on oil had been properly filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission. There is no evidence, and none was introduced at the trial, that any shipper of oil from Chicago territory had been interfered with by the eighteen-cent rate nor that the failure of the Alton to file its six-cent rate had resulted in any discrimination against any independent shipper,—we must take this on the word of the Commissioner of Corporations and of Judge Landis. Neither is it denied even by Mr. Smith that the "independent" shipper of oil whom he pictures as being driven out of business by this discrimination of the Alton, could have shipped all the oil he desired to ship from Whiting via Dolton over the lines of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois to East St. Louis. In short, President Moffett's defense is still good, and we predict will be so declared by the higher court.

The Standard Oil Company has been charged with all manner of crimes and misdemeanors. Beginning with the famous Rice of Marietta, passing down to that apostle of popular liberties, Henry Demarest Lloyd, with his *Wealth Against the Commonwealth*, descending by easy stages to Miss Tarbell's offensive personalities, we finally reach the nether depths of unfair and baseless misrepresentation in the report of the Commissioner of Corporations. The Standard has been charged with every form of commercial piracy and with most of the crimes on the corporation calendar. After long years of strenuous attack, under the leadership of the President of the United States, the corporation is at last dragged to the bar of justice to answer for its misdoings. The whole strength of the Government is directed against it, and at last, we are told, the Standard Oil Company is to pay the penalty of its crimes, and it is finally convicted of having failed to verify the statement of a rate clerk and is forthwith fined a prodigious sum, measured by the car. Under the old criminal law, the theft of property worth more than a shilling was punishable by death. Under the interpretation of the Interstate Commerce law by Theodore Roosevelt and Judge Kenesaw Landis, a technical error of a traffic official is made the excuse for the confiscation of a vast amount of property.

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Our total shipping registered for the foreign trade continues to shrink, but this is entirely due to the rapid disappearance of the old wooden sailing ships. In steel steamers even the anemic oversea branch of our shipping industry is making some little progress.

Dropsical Insurance Companies

A little not very ancient history recalled

MR. KINGSLEY, the president of the New York Life Insurance Company, has protested in costly advertisements paid for by his policyholders against the limitation of new business prescribed by the Armstrong laws. Mr. Kelsey, the New York State Superintendent of Insurance, whom the State Senate kept in his place after Governor Hughes had tried to have him removed for inefficiency and neglect of duty, has joined in the complaint against the laws. It seems to have been forgotten that the original suggestion of limiting the amount of business to be done by any one company came from the companies themselves. The history of this movement was given before the Armstrong Committee by Mr. Emory McClintock, the eminent Actuary of the Mutual Life. Mr. McClintock said in his testimony on October 25, 1905:

"In 1891 there was a good deal of talk among officers of companies in regard to the competition, and the desirability of reducing the competition, and thereby benefiting the companies by reduction of expense and securing of a better class of business. . . . Accordingly, I think in 1891 or 1892, . . . with the consent of Mr. McCurdy, I went to Mr. Hyde and to Mr. McCall, who had then just come into the presidency of the New York Life, and suggested the feasibility, in the interest of the policy-holders and of the smaller companies as well as of the larger companies, that there should be a legal limitation upon the amount of risk in any one company. . . . Mr. Hyde hesitated. His company was then getting on a little faster than the others. . . . In the seventies he told me his ambition was to make the Equitable the largest company in the world, and then to make it the best company. I said: 'You have succeeded in making it the largest company, and you have the largest amount of insurance. Why don't you begin to make it the best company?' Meaning by that the company in which there was the smallest proportion of poor business taken, and the smallest expense for taking what business was taken, thereby reducing the cost to the policyholders, and securing the best class of business. It struck him, and he agreed to my suggestion that it would be well to have a law passed making the limitation one thousand million dollars. And Mr. McCall of the New York Life received it joyfully. . . . And a bill was introduced, but before it got very far Mr. Hyde changed his mind; he did not like it. . . . And, in short, it was dropped, the other companies not, of course, wishing to appear to be controlling Mr. Hyde by getting a bill passed to which he objected. About the same time . . . Mr. McCurdy published . . . a resolution . . . stating that as an experiment for the year 1892 the company would limit its business to one hundred millions of paid-for business. . . . At the end of the year the company had done just about a hundred million dollars, but there came a special season, which everybody connected with the company desired to pay honor to, and that was the fiftieth anniversary of the company's existence. . . . So the one hundred million dollar limitation was not continued.

"But all the same, in 1900 again Mr. McCurdy publicly expressed himself. . . . And Mr. Alexander and Mr. McCall and Mr. McCurdy . . . they all gave me their agreement. I went around to see them with Mr. McCurdy's approval. They all gave their agreement to the introduction of a bill, and the bill was accordingly introduced I think early in 1901 by Senator Brackett for the limitation of risks of life insurance to fifteen hundred millions. . . . Then the New York Life at that time was getting on a little more rapidly than the rest, and Mr. Perkins was heard from and Mr. McCall yielded to Mr. Perkins's argument and requested that the bill be not pushed any further, and the bill was not pushed any further. The effort in 1901 might fairly be described as an effort to limit the New York Life first, and the point that was made with him against that objection which he approved of at first was that the company which first reached the limit would then have the first chance to grow out to the fullest extent in every other way, including the dividends to policy-holders."

Thus it appears that long before the Armstrong investigation was thought of, the limitation of new business would have been carried through by the great companies themselves but for the opposition, first of Henry B. Hyde, and second of George W. Perkins. Henry B. Hyde was a megalomaniac, who would have been glad to dominate the entire insurance business of America just as Mr. Harriman would have been glad to dominate the railroad business. The reasons why Mr. Perkins objected to any limit on the masses of capital that could be swung by single individuals in Wall Street do not require elucidation. Had the conditions prevailing in 1905 been allowed to continue, the insurance business would have been concentrated in the hands of a few giant companies, whose assets would have rolled up like snowballs until they would have made the men who controlled them the absolute dictators of the financial markets. At the same time the companies would have been taking poorer risks at higher expense, all to the detriment of the existing policy-holders.

The limit of \$150,000,000 on a year's new business fixed by the Armstrong law is fifty per cent greater than the one the Mutual fixed for itself in 1892. The total amount of insurance in force by the New York Life, whose president heads the list of complainants, is a third greater now than the limit the late President McCall of that same institution was willing to accept as recently as 1901, until George W. Perkins dissuaded him.

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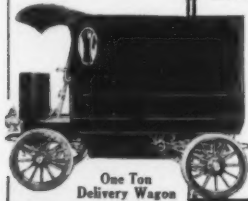
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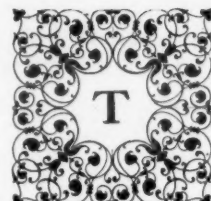


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Through the Straits of Magellan



HOSE who have had the matter in charge wisely chose the best season of the year for the passage of the battleship fleet through the Straits of Magellan into Southern Pacific waters—a passage noted among sailors as one of the stormiest and most dangerous in the world. It is now midsummer in the Antarctic Zone, and the danger from "williwaws"—storms peculiar to the Straits of Magellan—is much less than during the winter season, when there are weeks together without a single clear day. These williwaws are whirlwind squalls that come down from the almost perpendicular walls of the lower Andes without warning and seemingly out of a clear sky. At certain seasons one squall follows another in such rapid succession that it is impossible to get through the "Narrows," for which passage there must be clear weather.

It is true that there is less danger as well as a saving of time in passing through the Straits instead of going round the Horn, for the latter is considered one of the most dangerous bits of navigation in the world. But even the Straits have their perils, for the entrances are partly blocked by huge rocks, where breakers dash high and white in the fairest of weather; the channel is narrow and tortuous; the tides which roll between the "Narrows" near each entrance change only at stated hours, and woe betide the navigator who dares to disregard the current and tries to pass these danger spots at the wrong time.

In fair weather, by the most minute calculation, the passage from ocean to ocean may be made in forty-eight hours, but many a valiant steamer has battled with tides and storms for fully five days before emerging into the open Pacific.

The Route from Cape Virgin to the Narrows Beyond Punta Arenas

THE first sight of land the jackies will get as the foremost of the great men-o'-war swings around for a straight entrance to Possession Bay will be the lights of Cape Virgin. They stand out like sentinels on the low, clay-colored coast line, and many a disaster they have saved in recent years. If the fleet arrives at this point after 4 A. M. and before 2 P. M. there will be no stop until the anchors are dropped before Punta Arenas. But if the hour of entering Possession Bay is too early or too late—in the evening perhaps—an anchorage must be made until the time of the turning of the tide, when the boats may steam through the First and Second Narrows, past Cape Negro, between Elizabeth Island and Santa Magdalena, and will soon be before the southernmost town in the world. Punta Arenas was originally a convict settlement, but has now developed into a fair trade centre for wool, mutton, hides, and ostrich feathers. It has telegraphic connection with Tres Montes and Buenos Ayres, but is entirely cut off from the rest of the world by transportation except by steamer. Many French, German, and English boats make Punta Arenas a port of call each trip, and though the harbor is large and more open than any other part of the Straits, besides being subject to severe winds that blow off the land at certain times of the year, it offers an anchorage to a large number of boats at times, and is one of only three possible anchorages within the Straits. The other two are in Fortescue Bay and a small place in the lee of a low island east of the Pacific Narrows, which is known as Field Anchorage. Above this latter anchorage towers a mountain whose perennial ice and snow has formed one of the oldest glaciers in the world and one of the finest. During the summer months of January and February avalanches are not unknown, but they do no damage in that uninhabited portion of the world, and the snows of the next May and June cover all traces of breaks.

After leaving Punta Arenas the course becomes narrower and more dangerous, so that the pilot, who is to be Captain W. F. Greene of the army transport service, will need to be on the bridge continuously. If the weather is fine, which is very unusual at any season, the scenery is beautiful, though rugged. For many miles the snow-capped mountains reach down to the water's edge. Their lower slopes are covered with tundras, where thousands of sheep graze during the summer months. Here and there the lonely shepherd's hut gives evidence of sometime habitation. Fleet-footed guanacos also graze on the tundras. They are hunted by the Indians, and their skins are bartered for biscuits and chicha at Punta Arenas or at the San Rafael Mission on Tierra del Fuego.

But in a short time all traces of civilization are left behind, and only here and there at long intervals the campfires of savage and entirely nude Indians send up tiny columns of flame. Perhaps some of these unkempt creatures may put out to the steamers in their frail canoes to beg galletas or other food from the sailors.

At one point the men-o'-war emerge from the narrow strip of water into a broad basin seemingly entirely landlocked. Directly ahead rises a mountain whose unusually jagged top is known as Thornton Peaks. "Full speed ahead," the telegraph reads, and just when they seem about to steam straight into the jagged rocks the order comes for a quick tack to starboard, then another to port, and in a moment more the whole sixteen ships will have swung round the point to see before them two channels, the one leading north up the coast of Chile, a dangerous but shorter route to the West Coast ports, known as Smythe's Channel; the other, the longer but better lighted and buoyed strait, which Magellan himself first navigated. Quite a number of merchant vessels take the shorter route, but it is noted for frequent wrecks. At one time in 1904 the German passenger steamer *Abydos* and the Grace Line merchantman *Cumbal* were both on the rocks in Smythe's Channel in the same week.

A Sigh of Relief in Order When the Evangelists are Passed

AS the fleet nears the Pacific all the crews will be on deck, every man at his post. An old sailor who has made the same trip for twenty years says: "The Straits of Magellan would put the fear of God in any man," and the last twenty miles is the most dangerous of all.

The same minute calculation as to time must be made with regard to passing the narrows near the Pacific as is necessary at the mouth of Possession Bay. But this is where the jackies begin to see the light of the longest day they ever knew.

As they near the Pacific the mountains are lower, the snow disappears, or remains only in patches, the shores are rougher, sometimes jutting out in solid blocks of amethyst. But amethyst is of little value to a sailor, and every man will be looking out for the rugged face of Cape Pilar, for this is the farthest outpost of the dangerous Chilean coast. They have passed Port Famine and Cape Forward, the latter the southernmost point of the mainland of South America, a fine headland behind which rises beautiful Mount Sarmiento, which has been likened to the Matterhorn, and the resemblance is not lacking.

Snowy Sound and then Cape Notch are left behind and then they enter English Reach, where so many vessels have been lost. But the pilot knows the way, and every anxious face wears a look of relief when Cape Pilar is passed.

As they steam out into the broad Pacific, the great bulk of Westminster Hall looms up, and behind it the three Evangelists with their lonely lighthouses and bleak, rocky cliffs.

At this season of the year the sun will not set until ten o'clock, and the colors will never die out of the sky. They only move slowly, majestically, scarcely perceptibly round the horizon, until at about half past two, when the sun rises in splendor once more on the broad Pacific, whose southern waters hold so many unsuspected dangers. Once clear of the breaker-lined coast, the men-o'-war will swing far out into the open ocean before they move on north to their first stop at the port of Talcahuano.

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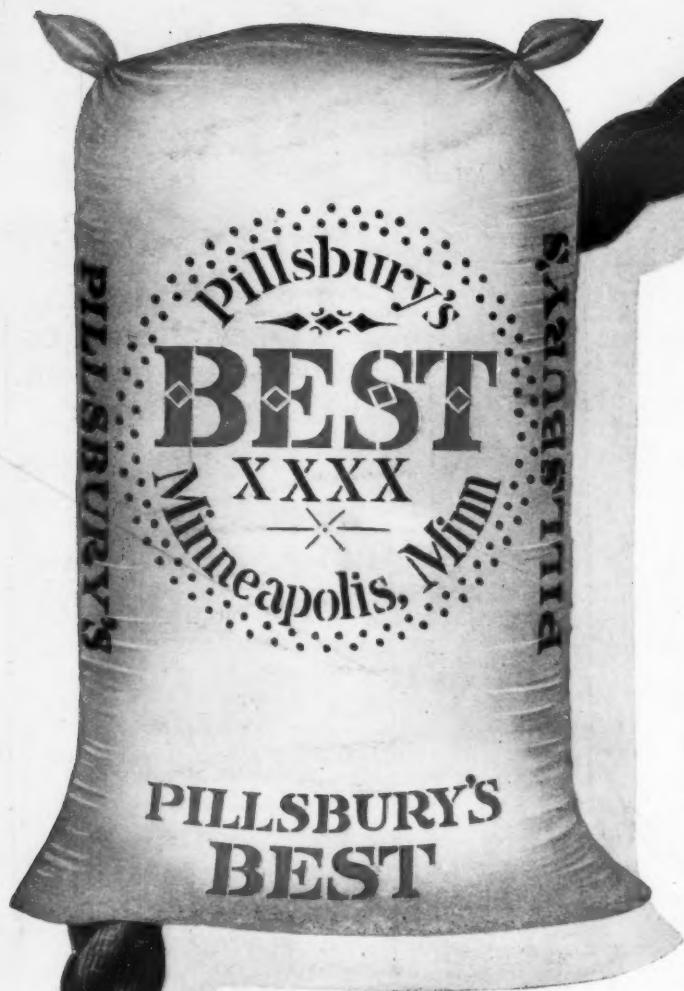
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115-125-135-145-155-165-175-185-195-205-215-225-235-245-255-265-275-285-295-305-315-325-335-345-355-365-375-385-395-405-415-425-435-445-455-465-475-485-495-505-515-525-535-545-555-565-575-585-595-605-615-625-635-645-655-665-675-685-695-705-715-725-735-745-755-765-775-785-795-805-815-825-835-845-855-865-875-885-895-905-915-925-935-945-955-965-975-985-995-1005-1015-1025-1035-1045-1055-1065-1075-1085-1095-1105-1115-1125-1135-1145-1155-1165-1175-1185-1195-1205-1215-1225-1235-1245-1255-1265-1275-1285-1295-1305-1315-1325-1335-1345-1355-1365-1375-1385-1395-1405-1415-1425-1435-1445-1455-1465-1475-1485-1495-1505-1515-1525-1535-1545-1555-1565-1575-1585-1595-1605-1615-1625-1635-1645-1655-1665-1675-1685-1695-1705-1715-1725-1735-1745-1755-1765-1775-1785-1795-1805-1815-1825-1835-1845-1855-1865-1875-1885-1895-1905-1915-1925-1935-1945-1955-1965-1975-1985-1995-2005-2015-2025-2035-2045-2055-2065-2075-2085-2095-2105-2115-2125-2135-2145-2155-2165-2175-2185-2195-2205-2215-2225-2235-2245-2255-2265-2275-2285-2295-2305-2315-2325-2335-2345-2355-2365-2375-2385-2395-2405-2415-2425-2435-2445-2455-2465-2475-2485-2495-2505-2515-2525-2535-2545-2555-2565-2575-2585-2595-2605-2615-2625-2635-2645-2655-2665-2675-2685-2695-2705-2715-2725-2735-2745-2755-2765-2775-2785-2795-2805-2815-2825-2835-2845-2855-2865-2875-2885-2895-2905-2915-2925-2935-2945-2955-2965-2975-2985-2995-3005-3015-3025-3035-3045-3055-3065-3075-3085-3095-3105-3115-3125-3135-3145-3155-3165-3175-3185-3195-3205-3215-3225-3235-3245-3255-3265-3275-3285-3295-3305-3315-3325-3335-3345-3355-3365-3375-3385-3395-3405-3415-3425-3435-3445-3455-3465-3475-3485-3495-3505-3515-3525-3535-3545-3555-3565-3575-3585-3595-3605-3615-3625-3635-3645-3655-3665-3675-3685-3695-3705-3715-3725-3735-3745-3755-3765-3775-3785-3795-3805-3815-3825-3835-3845-3855-3865-3875-3885-3895-3905-3915-3925-3935-3945-3955-3965-3975-3985-3995-4005-4015-4025-4035-4045-4055-4065-4075-4085-4095-4105-4115-4125-4135-4145-4155-4165-4175-4185-4195-4205-4215-4225-4235-4245-4255-4265-4275-4285-4295-4305-4315-4325-4335-4345-4355-4365-4375-4385-4395-4405-4415-4425-4435-4445-4455-4465-4475-4485-4495-4505-4515-4525-4535-4545-4555-4565-4575-4585-4595-4605-4615-4625-4635-4645-4655-4665-4675-4685-4695-4705-4715-4725-4735-4745-4755-4765-4775-4785-4795-4805-4815-4825-4835-4845-4855-4865-4875-4885-4895-4905-4915-4925-4935-4945-4955-4965-4975-4985-4995-5005-5015-5025-5035-5045-5055-5065-5075-5085-5095-5105-5115-5125-5135-5145-5155-5165-5175-5185-5195-5205-5215-5225-5235-5245-5255-5265-5275-5285-5295-5305-5315-5325-5335-5345-5355-5365-5375-5385-5395-5405-5415-5425-5435-5445-5455-5465-5475-5485-5495-5505-5515-5525-5535-5545-5555-5565-5575-5585-5595-5605-5615-5625-5635-5645-5655-5665-5675-5685-5695-5705-5715-5725-5735-5745-5755-5765-5775-5785-5795-5805-5815-5825-5835-5845-5855-5865-5875-5885-5895-5905-5915-5925-5935-5945-5955-5965-5975-5985-5995-6005-6015-6025-6035-6045-6055-6065-6075-6085-6095-6105-6115-6125-6135-6145-6155-6165-6175-6185-6195-6205-6215-6225-6235-6245-6255-6265-6275-6285-6295-6305-6315-6325-6335-6345-6355-6365-6375-6385-6395-6405-6415-6425-6435-6445-6455-6465-6475-6485-6495-6505-6515-6525-6535-6545-6555-6565-6575-6585-6595-6605-6615-6625-6635-6645-6655-6665-6675-6685-6695-6705-6715-6725-6735-6745-6755-6765-6775-6785-6795-6805-6815-6825-6835-6845-6855-6865-6875-6885-6895-6905-6915-6925-6935-6945-6955-6965-6975-6985-6995-7005-7015-7025-7035-7045-7055-7065-7075-7085-7095-7105-7115-7125-7135-7145-7155-7165-7175-7185-7195-7205-7215-7225-7235-7245-7255-7265-7275-7285-7295-7305-7315-7325-7335-7345-7355-7365-7375-7385-7395-7405-7415-7425-7435-7445-7455-7465-7475-7485-7495-7505-7515-7525-7535-7545-7555-7565-7575-7585-7595-7605-7615-7625-7635-7645-7655-7665-7675-7685-7695-7705-7715-7725-7735-7745-7755-7765-7775-7785-7795-7805-7815-7825-7835-7845-7855-7865-7875-7885-7895-7905-7915-7925-7935-7945-7955-7965-7975-7985-7995-8005-8015-8025-8035-8045-8055-8065-8075-8085-8095-8105-8115-8125-8135-8145-8155-8165-8175-8185-8195-8205-8215-8225-8235-8245-8255-8265-8275-8285-8295-8305-8315-8325-8335-8345-8355-8365-8375-8385-8395-8405-8415-8425-8435-8445-8455-8465-8475-8485-8495-8505-8515-8525-8535-8545-8555-8565-8575-8585-8595-8605-8615-8625-8635-8645-8655-8665-8675-8685-8695-8705-8715-8725-8735-8745-8755-8765-8775-8785-8795-8805-8815-8825-8835-8845-8855-8865-8875-8885-8895-8905-8915-8925-8935-8945-8955-8965-8975-8985-8995-9005-9015-9025-9035-9045-9055-9065-9075-9085-9095-9105-9115-9125-9135-9145-9155-9165-9175-9185-9195-9205-9215-9225-9235-9245-9255-9265-9275-9285-9295-9305-9315-9325-9335-9345-9355-9365-9375-9385-9395-9405-9415-9425-9435-9445-9455-9465-9475-9485-9495-9505-9515-9525-9535-9545-9555-9565-9575-9585-9595-9605-9615-9625-9635-9645-9655-9665-9675-9685-9695-9705-9715-9725-9735-9745-9755-9765-9775-9785-9795-9805-9815-9825-9835-9845-9855-9865-9875-9885-9895-9905-9915-9925-9935-9945-9955-9965-9975-9985-9995-10005-10015-10025-10035-10045-10055-10065-10075-10085-10095-10105-10115-10125-10135-10145-10155-10165-10175-10185-10195-10205-10215-10225-10235-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575-18585-18595-18605-18615-18625-18635-18645-18655-18665-18675-18685-18695-18705-18715-18725-18735-18745-18755-18765-18775-18785-18795-18805-18815-18825-18835-18845-18855-18865-18875-18885-18895-18905-18915-18925-18935-18945-18955-18965-18975-18985-18995-19005-19015-19025-19035-19045-19055-19065-19075-19085-19095-19105-19115-19125-19135-19145-19155-19165-19175-19185-19195-19205-19215-19225-19235-19245-19255-19265-19275-19285-19295-19305-19315-19325-19335-19345-19355-19365-19375-19385-19395-19405-19415-19425-19435-19445-19455-19465-19475-19485-19495-19505-19515-19525-19535-19545-19555-19565-19575-19585-19595-19605-19615-19625-19635-19645-19655-19665-19675-19685-19695-19705-19715-19725-19735-19745-19755-19765-19775-19785-19795-19805-19815-19825-19835-19845-19855-19865-19875-19885-19895-19905-19915-19925-19935-19945-19955-19965-19975-19985-19995-20005-20015-20025-20035-20045-20055-20065-20075-20085-20095-20105-20115-20125-20135-20145-20155-20165-20175-20185-20195-20205-20215-20225-202



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